This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Princeton University Library
32101 063692428

Digitized by Google

3925
.359
v.7

LIBRARY
OF THE
College of New Jersey

XIX1122-1

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME VII.

HISTORIES.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
KING HENRY THE SIXTH, PART FIRST.
KING HENRY THE SIXTH, PART SECOND.

ESSAY ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF HENRY VI.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. VII.

BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY
1868.

Digitized by Google

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by

RICHARD GRANT WHITE,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

Presswork by John Wilson and Son.

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

3925
.1859
V.7

22620

Digitized by Google

"THE CRONICLE History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with *Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.* LONDON Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600." 4to. 27 leaves.

The same, "London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange. 1602." 4to. 26 leaves.

The same, "Printed for T. P. 1608." 4to. 27 leaves.

The Life of Henry the Fift occupies twenty-seven pages in the folio of 1623, viz.: from p. 69 to p. 95 inclusive in the division of Histories. It is divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and has no list of Dramatis Personæ.

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY V.

INTRODUCTION.

HOLINSHED furnished Shakespeare with the crude material with which he completed in this play the design of which he had the hint from *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*.* The dramatist followed the chronicler closely, and in some passages but poetically paraphrased his prose.

Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth* was first published in quarto in 1600, but with a text so mutilated, as well as so incomplete, that it is quite impossible to decide by internal evidence whether the manuscript from which it was printed represents, even imperfectly, an early form of the play, or, still more imperfectly, the completed work as it appears in the folio. The quarto edition, among other important omissions, is without the Choruses; but from this no inference can be drawn as to the time when the Choruses were written; for it is manifest that that edition was published in great haste, from manuscript obtained in the most surreptitious and inefficient manner, to meet a demand created by the great popularity of the play; and from such a copy the Choruses would be most probably omitted, as having neither narrative nor comic interest. The fifth of these Choruses, therefore, which contains lines that must have been written between April and September, 1599,† is to be accepted as decisive of the date of the production of the play, especially as it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, (in the list which includes *Henry the Fourth*, *King John*, and *Richard the Second*,) and as it was published in 1600.

The text exists in a very satisfactory state in the folio, which is the only authority for it. The quarto, however, sometimes affords welcome aid in the conjectural correction of typographical errors.

The period of the action is from 1414 to 1420.

* See the Introduction to the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth*.

† See Notes on this Chorus.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Fifth.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, } *Brothers to the* King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the* King.
DUKE OF YORK, *Cousin to the* King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, *and* WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
Sir THOMAS GREY.
Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, *Officers in* King Henry's *Army.*
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers.*
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
BOY, *Servant to them.* A Herald.

CHARLES the Sixth, *King of* France.
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, *and* BOURBON.
The Constable *of* France.
RAMBURES *and* GRANDPRE, *French Lords.*
MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*
Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors to England.

ISABEL, *Queen of* France.
KATHARINE, *Daughter of* Charles *and* Isabel.
ALICE, *a Lady attending on the* Princess.
Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, (formerly Mrs. Quickly, now married to Pistol.)

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French *and* English Soldiers, Messengers, *and* Attendants.

Chorus.

The SCENE in England, and in France.

Digitized by Google

THE LIFE OF
— KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

ACT I.

— *Enter* Chorus.

Chorus.

O, FOR a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unraised spirit that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.

Digitized by Google

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this History;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Scene I.

London. An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop *of* Canterbury, *and* Bishop *of* Ely.

Canterbury. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,

Digitized by Google

We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the Church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus, —
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the Holy Church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
—With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this King.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish

Digitized by Google

You would desire the King were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Digitized by Google

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his Majesty, —
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, — to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done)
—The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Same.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, *and* Attendants.

King Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

Westmoreland. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop *of* Canterbury, *and the* Bishop *of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many, now in health,

Digitized by Google

—Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves your lives and services
To this imperial throne. — There is no bar
To make against your Highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond, —
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar:
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, — to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:

Digitized by Google

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
For did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, — who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorrain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great, —
— To fine his title with some shews of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
— Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Louis the Emperor, and Louis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Louis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorrain:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.

Digitized by Google

So that, as clear as is the Summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Louis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your Highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign;
For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

Digitized by Google

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and might:
So hath your Highness: — never King of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm t' invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;

Digitized by Google

Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:"
For once the eagle, England, being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth Heaven divide

Digitized by Google

The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the Summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,

Digitized by Google

Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dolphin. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
—Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors *of* France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dolphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Ambassador. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge?
Or shall we sparingly shew you, far off,
The Dolphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dolphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.—
Your Highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.

Digitized by Google

In answer of which claim, the Prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there's naught in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dolphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

—*Exe.* Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with us.
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
—With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, — I will keep my state,
—Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dolphin blind to look on us.

Digitized by Google

And tell the pleasant Prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands, —
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dolphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dolphin, I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dolphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it. —
Convey them with safe conduct. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
— That may with reasonable swiftness add
— More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dolphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

NOW all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries:
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Marsham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:

Digitized by Google

And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If Hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and well digest
Th' abuse of distance: force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The King is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now; there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

London. Before the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

— *Enter, severally,* NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smites; — but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one: but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you

Digitized by Google

friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, —I will die as I may: that is my rest; that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a —tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

— *Enter* PISTOL *and* Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. — Good Corporal, be patient here. — How now, mine host Pistol?

Pistol. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Hostess. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [NYM *draws his sword.*] O, well-a-day, lady! if he —be not drawn now! — we shall see wilful adultery and murther committed.

—*Bard.* Good Lieutenant — good Corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd —cur of Iceland!

Digitized by Google

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*

[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O, viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O, braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
—Therefore exhale. [PISTOL *and* NYM *draw.*

Bard. Hear me; hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word!—I defy thee again.
O, hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy

Digitized by Google

—Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and — *pauca*, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my mas-
—ter, and you, Hostess. — He is very sick, and would to bed. — Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the King has kill'd his heart. — Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the Devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.

[*Draws.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Digitized by Google

—[*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?]

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Enter Hostess.

—*Host.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we —will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bedford. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Digitized by Google

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours, —
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, — and my kind Lord of Marsham, —
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cambridge. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your Majesty: there's not, I think, a subject

Digitized by Google

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. — Uncle of Exeter
Enlarge the man committed yesterday
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
—And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful!

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? — We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,

Digitized by Google

Would have him punish'd. — And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my Royal Sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours; —
There yours, Lord Scroop of Marsham: — and, Sir Knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours: —
Read them; and know I know your worthiness. —
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. — Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion? — Look ye, how they change:
Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.
Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. —
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here, —
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents

Digitized by Google

Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. — But O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use: —
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murther ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, did'st bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murther:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in Hell for excellence,
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glist'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

Digitized by Google

He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions — I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so did'st thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so did'st thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so did'st thou: seem they religious?
Why, so did'st thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, did'st thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
—To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another Fall of Man. — Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry
—Lord Scroop, of Marsham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

— *Cam.* For me, — the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,

Digitized by Google

The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
—Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
—And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
—Whose ruin you [have] sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. — Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded*.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.

Digitized by Google

Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No King of England, if not King of France.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, *and* Boy.

Host. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in Heaven or in Hell.

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in Hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been —any christom child; 'a parted ev'n just between —twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp —as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand

Digitized by Google

into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so up'ard, — and up'ard, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the Devil would have him about women.

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in Hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. — My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, 'Pitch and pay;'
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And Hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. — Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Digitized by Google

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, Hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King *attended; the* Dolphin, *the* Duke *of* Burgundy, *the* Constable, *and others.*

French King. Thus come the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)

Digitized by Google

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Constable. O peace, Prince Dolphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well suppli'd with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dol. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, Princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,

Digitized by Google

And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God, and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt* Mess. *and certain* Lords.

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dol. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother of England?

Digitized by Google

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'longs
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
[*Gives a pedigree.*
In every branch truly demonstrative, —
Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore, in fiery tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel:
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.

Digitized by Google

This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dolphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this farther:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dol. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dol. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress Court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Digitized by Google

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.
Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

THUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;

Digitized by Google

And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the King doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and chambers go off within.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

Scene 1.

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. *Enter* King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Digitized by Google

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument!
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! — And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off, within.*

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Forces *pass over; then enter* Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, Corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound;

"*Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;*
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame."

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:

"*If wishes would prevail with me,*
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie."

Boy. "*As duly, but not as truly,*
As bird doth sing on bough."

Enter Fluellen.

Fluellen. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great Duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Digitized by Google

Nym. These be good humours; — your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit* Boy.

Enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Digitized by Google

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duke it is not so goot to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the wars: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you) is digg't himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld. I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY, *at a distance.*

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in th' aunchiant wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. Got-den to your worship, goot Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Macmorris. By Chrish, la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill

Digitized by Google

done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude Captains baith: and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the Dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the Mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile do gude service, or aile lig i' th' grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay 't as valorously as I may; that sal I surely do: that is the breif and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a basterd, and a knave, and a rascal.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise

Digitized by Google

than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls; the* English Forces *below. Enter* King Henry *and his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the Governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

Digitized by Google

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
—Of deadly murther, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
—Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters:
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Governor. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dolphin, whom of succour we entreated,

Digitized by Google

Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates! — Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The* King, *&c., enter the town.*

SCENE IV.

Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Katharine. *Alice, tu às esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, Madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseigniez; il faut que j'apprend à parler. Comment appellez-vous la main en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appellée* de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Lès doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appellé* de fingres; *ouy*, de fingres.

Kath. *La main*, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné*

Digitized by Google

deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles ?

Alice. *Les ongles ? les appellons* de nails.

Kath. De nails. *Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien :* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. *C'est bien dict, Madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*

Alice. De arm, *Madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. D' elbow.

Kath. D' elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, Madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez :* d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arma, de bilbow.

Alice. D' elbow, *Madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ;* d' elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col ?*

Alice. De nick, *Madame.*

Kath. De nick : *Et le menton ?*

—*Alice.* De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col,* de nick : *le menton,* de sin.

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas dèjá oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?*

Kath. *Non ; je reciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails, —

Alice. De nails, *Madame.*

Digitized by Google

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf vostre honneur*, d' elbow.

Kath. *Ainsi dis je;* d' elbow, de nick, *et* de sin: *Comment appellez vous le pieds et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *Madame; et* de coun.

Kath. De foot, *et* de coun? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique; et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Il faut* le foot, *et* le coun, *neant-moins. Je reciteray une autre foys ma leçon ensemble:* d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arm, de 'lbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. *Excellent, Madame.*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous a disner.* [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter the French King, *the* Dolphin, Duke *of* Bourbon, *the* Constable *of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dol. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bourbon. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.

Digitized by Google

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobb'ry and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.
Con. *Dieu de battailes!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,
Poor, we [may] call them, in their native lords.
Dol. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.
Fr. King. Where is Mountjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, Princes! and, with spirit of honour, edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
Charles De-la-bret, High Constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,

Digitized by Google

Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and
— Knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go, down upon him, — you have power enough, —
— And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march,
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give. —
Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dol. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us. —
Now, forth, Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE VI.

The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (Got be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the world; —but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient, Lieutenant, there at the pridge, — I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
—And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel Fate
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,

Digitized by Google

That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone, —

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog: let man go free,
And let not hemp his wine-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For pax of little price:
Therefore, go speak, the Duke will hear thy voice,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Digitized by Google

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now, a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what he has spoke to me; that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; — at such and such a —sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with — new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

—*Enter* King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

Got pless your Majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of

Digitized by Google

Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Montjoy. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: — Say thou to Harry of England, though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur;

Digitized by Google

but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to reanswer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for th' effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my king and master: so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king, — I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, Herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. — Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! — this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,

Digitized by Google

My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness. [*Exit* MONTJOY.

Gloster. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable *of* France, *the* Lord RAMBURES, *the* Duke *of* ORLEANS, *the* Dolphin, *and others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orleans. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Digitized by Google

Dol. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour —

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dol. What a long night is this! — I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four —pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dol. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you —may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and — excellent horse.

Dol. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dol. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of Nature, —"

Digitized by Google

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dol. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dol. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dol. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dol. O, then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose —off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dol. Be warn'd by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dol. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his —own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dol. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Rambures. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, — are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dol. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Digitized by Google

Dol. That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dol. Would I were able to load him with his desert! — Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dol. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Digitized by Google

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with — There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with — Give the Devil his due.

Con. Well plac'd: there stands your friend for the Devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with — A pox of the Devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much — A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. — Would it were day! — Alas, poor Harry of England! — he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Digitized by Google

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

NOW entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,

Digitized by Google

That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
—And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
—Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry — Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;

Digitized by Google

That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that, mean and gentle, all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, (O, for pity!) we shall much disgrace —
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised as a common soldier*, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be. —
Good morrow, brother Bedford. — God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should 'dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the Devil himself.

Digitized by Google

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erpingham. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. — Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And, then, I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Digitized by Google

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
—Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the King.
Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?
K. Hen. Harry *le Roy.*
Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon St. David's day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The *fico* for thee then!
K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you.
Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!
Flu. So! In the name of Cheshu Christ, speak —lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal orld, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the

Digitized by Google

pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? — in your own conscience now.

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. — Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrack'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should; for,

Digitized by Google

though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck: and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all

Digitized by Google

those legs, and arms, and heads chopp'd off in a battle shall join together at the latter day, and cry all — "We died at such a place:" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so; the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murther; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle; war is his vengeance;

Digitized by Google

so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the King's laws, in now the King's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round:

Digitized by Google

I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the King! — we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

Digitized by Google

That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
—What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form?
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
—The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,

Digitized by Google

Never sees horrid night, the child of Hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:
Possess them not with fear: take from them now
The sense of reck'ning, if th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them! — Not to-day, O Lord
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up

Digitized by Google

Toward Heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes, after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice? — Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee. —
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter DOLPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!

Dol. *Montez à cheval:* — My horse! *varlet! lacquay!* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dol. *Via! — les eaux et la terre!*

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu!*

Dol. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dol. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
—And doubt them with superfluous courage: Ha!

Digitized by Google

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattl'd, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant Princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls;
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive against all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grandpré. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Digitized by Google

Yond' island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
—Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
—And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
—Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dol. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

— *Con.* I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene III.

The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, *and* Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Salisbury. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God b' wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven,
Then, joyfully. — my noble Lord of Bedford, —
My dear Lord Gloster, — and my good Lord Exeter, —
And my kind kinsman, — warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
—And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it;
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* Salisbury.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O, that we now had here

Enter King Henry.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?

Digitized by Google

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
—This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand o' tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
—He that shall live this day, and see old age,
—Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars,
—[And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.]
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
—Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

Digitized by Google

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
—This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle.

—*K. Hen.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one. —
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

Digitized by Google

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow?
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to Heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: — Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;

Digitized by Google

Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field:
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the Mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry: and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou wilt once more come again — for a ransom.

Enter the Duke *of* York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. — Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

French Soldier. *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

—*Pist.* Quality! *Callino, castore me!* art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:—
—O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
—Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Digitized by Google

— *Pist.* Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. — Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

— *Pist.* Owee, cuppe le gorge, permafoy, peasant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O! je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him, — my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath

Digitized by Google

fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew. — Follow me. [*Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* I did never [*Exit* French Soldier.

know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, — the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times —more valour than this roaring Devil i' th' old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew —of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dolphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Con. *O Diable!*

Orl. *O Seigneur! — le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!*

Dol. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes. — *O meschante Fortune!* —
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame! — let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Digitized by Google

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
—Let's die in honour! — Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
—Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enough yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The Devil take order now. I'll to the throng;
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY *and* Forces; EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.
Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.
K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Digitized by Google

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud, — "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to Heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words, I came and cheer'd him up:
—He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
—With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. —
[*Alarum.*
But hark! what new alarum is this same? —
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men: —
Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene VII.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offert. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king.

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, Captain,—if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye at Monmouth, but it

Digitized by Google

is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one; 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers; and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that: he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, *with a part of the* English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. — Take a trumpet, Herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,

Digitized by Google

And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. — Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my liege.
Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this, Herald? know'st thou not
—That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
—To look our dead, and then to bury them:
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
— In blood of princes; and the wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
—Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.
K. Hen. I tell thee truly, Herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.
Mont. The day is yours.
K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it! —
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Digitized by Google

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave battle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your Majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour: For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be Got, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! — Our heralds, go with him:

Enter WILLIAMS.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. — Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY *and others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swag-
—ger'd with me last night; who, if alive, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of
—great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the Tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is good knowledge, and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for
—me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and my-

Digitized by Google

self were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please Got of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear:
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them. —
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt*

Digitized by Google

Scene VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, Captain

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, Captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. — I charge you in his Majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick *and* Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Digitized by Google

Enter King HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has strook the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap: I promis'd to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. — Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. — Give him the crowns. —
And, Captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly. — Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, Herald, are the dead number'd?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Digitized by Google

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
—There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead, —
Charles De-la-bret, High Constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;
The Master of the Cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great-Master of France, the brave Sir Guischard
— Dauphin;
John Duke of Alençon; Antony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
And Edward Duke of Bar; of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudement and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death! —
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herald *presents another paper.*
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
—Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, Esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. — When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on th' other? — Take it, God,
—For it is none but thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Digitized by Google

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, Captain; but with this acknowedgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum.*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus.

VOUCHSAFE to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now, we bear the King
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, [with] wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,

Digitized by Google

And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The Mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
—Were now the General of our gracious Empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
—Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him,
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home:
The Emperor coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them,) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by rememb'ring you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

— Scene I.

France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks. — Got pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites,

Digitized by Google

and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You call'd me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, Captain; you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. — Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and yet I swear —

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot. — Hold you; there is a groat to heal your pate.

Digitized by Google

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All Hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' th' spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French KING'S Palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, HUNTINGTON, *and other* Lords; *at another the* French KING, Queen ISABEL, *the* Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, *&c., the* Duke *of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting! wherefore we are met.
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day: — joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine; —
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy; —
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met: —
So are you, princes English, every one.

Queen Isabel. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. To cry amen to that thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Burgundy. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great Kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face and royal eye to eye
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
—Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
—And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

Digitized by Google

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow, like savages, — as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood, —
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The King hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle Exeter, —
And brother Clarence, — and you, brother Gloster, —
Warwick, — and Huntington, — go with the King;
And take with you free power to ratify,

Digitized by Google

Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. — Will you, fair sister,
Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* King HENRY, KATHARINE, *and her* Gentlewoman.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is — like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre Grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Digitized by Google

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say — I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say — Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife: or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee

Digitized by Google

plain soldier: if thou can'st love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king; and what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. — *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,* (let me see,

Digitized by Google

what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) — *donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, do'st thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divin deesse?*

Digitized by Google

Kath. Your *Majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou do'st, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer is broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, Queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *Roy mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Digitized by Google

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coustume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France, — I cannot tell vat is *baiser en* Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majesty *entend* bettre *que moy.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French Council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING *and* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other* French *and* English Lords.

Bur. God save your Majesty. My royal cousin, Teach you our Princess English?

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent, winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a

Digitized by Google

fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively: the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath [never] enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter first; and in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:—
Where your Majesty demands,—that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, héretier de France;* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so deni'd,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms

Digitized by Google

Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate: — and bear me witness, all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign Queen.

[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! — God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: — on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for security of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Digitized by Google

Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shewn; and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

NOTES ON KING HENRY V.

In the old copies this play is entitled "The Life of Henry the *Fift*." Till some years after Shakespeare's time the word which we spell and pronounce *fifth* was almost invariably spelled, and, it would seem, pronounced, *fift*. It is worthy of note, in regard to the former pronunciation of *th*, which now represents a sound almost peculiar to our own among all modern tongues, that at the brightest period of our literature, and in the primal strength of our perfected language, the latter pronunciation was rare, and was avoided whenever it would produce a harsh or awkward effect. This cannot be better illustrated than by the manner in which the numeral adjectives and adverbs, after 'third,' were almost universally spelled and pronounced, as well in scholarly treatises on grammar and rhetoric as the literature which represented the popular usage of the day. (See, for instance, *The Garden of Eloquence, conteyning the figures of grammar and rhetorik*. By Henry Peacham, Minister. London, 1577. 4to. Section *Gnome*, Sig. viii. and *passim*.) This was *fourth, fourthly; fift, fiftly; sixt, sixtly; seventh, seventy; eight, eightly; ninth, ninthly*. Here we see that, in the Elizabethan period, — the spelling of which was irregular chiefly because each person took the liberty of making it phonographically correct according to his practice and understanding, which in the nature of things is the only kind of phonography possible, — although the numeral adjectives were formed in *th*, our ancestors, while they pronounced the comparatively smooth and easy sounds of *rth* and *nth*, avoided the harsh and awkward *fth*, *xth*, and (in 'eighth') *t-th*; simplifying and softening them into *ft*, *xt*, and *t*; and that, although they preserved the *nth* in 'ninthly,' they dropped the aspirate in 'seventhly;' the reason for the variation appearing to be, that in the former case the *th* is preceded by a single long syllable with an open vowel sound, but

Digitized by Google

in the latter by two syllables, the second of which being unaccented and having a close vowel sound, the sound *nth* becomes more difficult to speak and less pleasing to hear.

This pronunciation of *th* has been retained in some cases in this country; but the most striking is the name of the noble psalm tune, *Old Hundred*. The Rev. Mr. Havergal, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, England, in his learned and very interesting *History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune*, (for which, by the way, he was obliged to seek, and for which he found, a publisher in America,) remarks, on pp. 11 and 12 of that work, that "from the days of the Reformation to the end of the seventeenth century it was commonly called in England The Hundredth Psalm Tune," but that "in America an inelegant variation is made, and the tune is commonly called 'Old Hundred.'" "Why such a departure," he adds, "from lingual custom and orthographic propriety should be made, does not appear." Mr. Havergal is, I think, in error when he states that "from the time of the Reformation to the end of the seventeenth century this tune was called the Hundred*th* Psalm tune;" for I am sure that till the middle of that century the sound *dth* was almost unknown in our language. 'Hundredth' and 'hundred' were both then spelled alike — *hundreth*, (and very rarely indeed *hundred*,) and pronounced *hundret* or *hundred*. For readers familiar with Elizabethan literature, it should be quite needless to sustain this position; but to place it beyond cavil, here are a few instances out of thousands that might be given: — "a hundreth lies," Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1586, Sig. 168 b; "rulers over hundreths," *Exodus* xviii. 21; "a hundreth talents, and a thousand seven hundreth and seventy shekels," *Exodus* xxxviii. 25, and *passim*, Genevan version, 1576. Sometimes, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the orthography *hundred* was used, as, — "the hundred psalm to the tune of Greensleeves," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 1; and we have *hundred* and *hundreth* in the same paragraph:— "But sometime now in places whereof the *hundred* hath the name no mention or memory of a Towne remayneth: such mutation time bringeth with it of all things. A *hundreth* hath one or two high constables," &c., Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*. Lond. 1621. 4to. Book II. Chap. 19, p. 76. But of 'hundred*th*' I have not found a single instance. We thus see that America has preserved the old Elizabethan English for the name of this venerable tune; and in view of the uniformity of pronunciation which the

Digitized by Google

old orthography indicates, it is at least a question whether *fift*, *fiftly*, *sixt*, *sixtly*, *sevently*, *eight*, *eightly*, and *hundreth* should not be retained in the text as old forms of those words.

ACT FIRST.

Chorus.

p. 7. The old stage direction is, "*Enter Prologue;*" but the speech itself in the last line but two has "chorus;" and in the subsequent Acts and at the end of the play the direction is, "*Enter Chorus.*"

" "—— *this wooden O*":—i. e., the Globe Theatre, which was circular within and octagonal without.

Scene I.

p. 9. "With such a heady *currance*":—Thus the folio, which the second folio changed to 'current.' This seems to have been only one of the many modernizations in that edition. 'Currance' is but the old French *courance;* and in Shakespeare's time, words having French forms and French pronunciation, wholly or in part, were in common use. Such, for instance, are 'rivage,' in the Chorus to Act III., and 'legerity,' in Act IV. Sc. 1 of this very play: 'egal,' too, was then constantly used instead of 'equal.'

p. 10. "His *companies*":—i. e., companions. The passage is confirmatory of the reading "stranger companies," in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. Sc. 1.

" "—— and *popularity*":—i. e., intercourse with any body and every body. So *Pistol*, Act IV. Sc. 1 of this play: "Or art thou base, common, and popular?"

p. 11. "The *severals*":—i. e., the details, particulars.

Scene II.

p. 13. "—— in *approbation*":—i. e., in probation or proving.

p. 14. "To *fine* his title":—So the quarto; for which the reading of the folio, "to *find* his title," seems clearly to be a misprint, perhaps of the ear, perhaps because 'fine' was supposed to be an error. He might fine, or make specious, his title "with shews of truth;" but he would not *find* it with shews of truth. "Shews"—the plural

Digitized by Google

form being especially noteworthy — indicates a metaphor taken from the visible; and I am much inclined to think that there is a slight misprint even in the quarto, and that we should read, "To *line* his title with some shews of truth." See "We will not line his thin bestained cloak," *King John*, Act IV. Sc. 3; "or did line the rebel with hidden help and vantage," *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 3; and

> "I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
> About his title, and hath sent for you
> To line his enterprise."

Indeed, I am quite sure that Shakespeare wrote 'line;' but as 'fine' has an appropriate meaning, I fear that it can be displaced only on a principle that would place the text at the mercy of every editor.

p. 14. "—— the *lady Lingare*": — No such person is known to the royal annals of France. Of this lineage, the germ of which is found in the *Famous Victories*, it is only necessary to say that it is equally confused and problematical. Shakespeare found it in Holinshed. "Lewis the Tenth" should be "Lewis the Ninth."

p. 15. "Than amply to *imbare* their crooked titles": — The folio has, "Than amply to imbarr," &c. But, to say nothing of the occurrence of 'bar' in its proper sense two lines before, where it is adopted from Holinshed, 'imbar' has no signification suitable to the context. It cannot be properly qualified by 'amply,' or correctly predicated of 'crooked titles.' The difficulty is made only by the excess of a single letter; and as Warburton concluded, "we should read, 'Than amply to *imbare*,' i. e., lay open, make naked, expose to view." This reading is supported by that of the two earlier quartos, (1600 and 1602,) "*imbace*," where again there is an error but of a single letter. 'Imbare,' or an equivalent word, is also clearly required by 'hide' in the antecedent clause of the sentence, which is in the alternative.

" "When the *man* dies": — i. e., when he dies without a son, — the passage in *Numbers*, as cited by Holinshed, being, "When a man dieth without a sonne, let the inheritance descend to his daughter;" and, as Mr. Dyce remarks, the declaration was elicited by a case in which the deceased man had no sons. But the quarto having, "When the *sonne* dies," many editors retain that reading.

" . "*Whiles his most mighty father on a hill*": — At the Battle of Cresey, Edward III. stood on a hill by a windmill, and saw the Black Prince win the fight, refusing to

Digitized by Google

join in the contest, lest his son might lose some of the glory. See "Whiles that his mountain sire on mountain standing," Act II. Sc. 4.

p. 16. "So *hath* your Highness": — i. e., says Malone, "your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have." A note setting forth so plain a sense is excusable only because there has been dispute about the passage, and much glory given to Coleridge for discovering what had been printed in every annotated edition of Shakespeare that was published after he himself was issued to the world.

" "With *blood*": — The folio has, "With *bloods*;" a misprint hardly worth notice.

" "—— a *giddy* neighbour to us": — Mr. Collier's folio plausibly has, "a *greedy* neighbour," &c.

p. 17. "To fill King Edward's *fame*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "To fill King Edward's *train*," &c.

" "And make *her* chronicle": — The quarto has, "*your* chronicle;" the folio, "*their* chronicle;" both of which are misprints of 'her,' as nearly every previous line of the speech makes plain.

" "To *tear* and havoc": — The folio has, "to *tame* and havock;" manifestly a misprint for "to *teare*," &c. — the correction of Rowe and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. The quartos have "to *spoil*."

" "—— a *curs'd* necessity": — So the quartos: the folio has "*crush'd*," which seems a plain misprint for the word in the text. A curst necessity is a sharp, a bitter necessity. 'Curst' is almost a synonyme of 'shrewd.'

p. 18. "—— and officers of *sorts*": — i. e., officers of various degrees. The quartos have "*sort*." 'Sort' means a company or class of men whose lot (*sors*) is cast together. Used absolutely, without qualification of adverb or adjective, it meant high sort.

" "—— like merchants, *venture*," &c.: — As usual, spelled *venter* in the old copies. So Daniel, — "What Merchaunt in one Vessell venters all." *Cleopatra*. This old pronunciation of *ure* is preserved in New England.

" "*End* in one purpose": — The folio misprints, "*And* in," &c.

p. 19. "—— a *waxen* epitaph": — The quartos, "a *paper* epitaph;" the intent being in either case a contemptuous allusion to ephemeral fame; and in the former, to the waxen tablets used by the ancients before the invention

Digitized by Google

of paper, and, I surmise, sometimes by even our Elizabethan ancestors.

p. 20. "*Tennis-balls*":—This incident, recorded by Holinshed and introduced in the old play of the *Famous Victories*, is unsupported by evidence sufficient to establish its truth, and is inconsistent with the conciliatory attitude of the French Court toward Henry V.

" "With *chases*":—A chase is a course, inning, or single game at tennis.

" "—— my *sail* of greatness":—Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "my *soul* of greatness"—a plausible emendation; but 'sail' has here a metaphorical sense, quite legitimate, and not uncommon.

p. 21. "—— with *reasonable* swiftness":—Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, has "*seasonable* swiftness."

" "—— for, *God before*":—God going before, i. e., aiding; but some commentators accept it as an inversion of 'before God.'

ACT SECOND.

Chorus.

p. 22. "*And hides a sword*," &c.:—In old paintings figures were often represented with swords thus covered. Most readers of Shakespeare have probably seen an engraving of the portrait of Edward III. which is in the Tower of London, and which represents him with two crowns on the blade of his sword.

" "*Richard Earl of Cambridge*":—This was Richard Plantagenet, called, of Coningsburgh, second son of Edward of Langley, fifth son of Edward III. He was created Earl of Cambridge in 1414. His mother-in-law, Joan Duchess of York, married Henry Third, Lord Scroop of Masham and Upsal, as her third husband. See Nicolas, *Historic Peerage of England*. Ed. Coulthorpe.

p. 23. "—— and *well* digest":—The folio has, "and wee'l digest." It is difficult in most MS. to distinguish 'weel' from 'well,' except by the context; and in this instance the context demands the latter word.

" "——*force a play*":—This line is corrupt, and, it would seem, hopelessly so. Pope boldly read, "*while we* force a play;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, with equal daring and less meaning, "*and so* force a play."

Digitized by Google

SCENE I.

p. 23. "Enter . . . *Nym*":—Sir John Stoddart remarks (*Glossology*, London, 1858)—"It was the remark of a very sagacious and experienced magistrate that of the persons brought before him for theft many confessed they *took* the article in question, but none said that they stole it. In the slang or cant language of thieves, to *nim* is to steal, (whence Shakespeare's character of Corporal Nym.) Now this is the Anglo-Saxon *niman*, to take," &c. p. 39.

p. 23. "—— and there's *an end*":—The quartos have the phrase of which *Nym* is so superfluent, "and there's *the humour of it*."

p. 24. "—— I will *die* as I may":—The old copies, which have hitherto been followed, have "*doe* as I may." But the context seems clearly to require an antithesis to 'live,' just before; and the misprint might so easily have been made that, in my judgment, there is no doubt that Malone was right in his suggestion of the word in the text.

" "—— a tired *mare*":—The folio misprints "*name*;" the quartos have "mare."

" "*Enter Pistol and Hostess*":—The folio has, "*Enter Pistol* and Mrs. Quickly," but she is now *Mrs. Pistol*; and the folio rightly places "*Host*[*ess*]" before all the speeches of the "*quondam* Quickly."

" "—— if he be not *drawn* now":—The folio misprints, "*hewn* now." The correction was made by Theobald.

" "Good *Lieutenant*," &c.:—It can be hardly necessary to point out that *Bardolph* addresses himself first to *Pistol* and then to *Nym*. *Pistol* was an Ancient or Ensign; but Shakespeare is not always consistent and accurate in the use of titles.

p. 24. "—— *thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland*":—The folio has "*Island*," the quartos "*Ireland*"—variations hardly worth notice. "The prick-eared cur of Iceland" seems to have been the Esquimaux dog, whose small sharp ears stand or prick up so saucily.

25 "Therefore *exhale*":—i. e., hale, or draw, out. The quartos have the stage direction, "*They draw*." But *Pistol's* phraseology is at once so vague and so peculiar that he may mean either, exhale your breath, i. e., die, or evaporate, i. e., begone.

p. 26. "—— *lazar kite of Cressid's kind*":—This bombast, as Steevens showed, is found in a passage in Greene's *Card*

Digitized by Google

of Fancy, 1601, and in two poems by Gascoigne, *Dan Bartholomew*, 1587, and *The Forest of Fancy*, 1579.

p. 26. "—— *and you, Hostess*": — The folio has, "and *your* hostess," — a misprint corrected by Hanmer, who is sustained by the reading of the quarto, "Hostess, you must come . . . and you Pistoll."

p. 27. "[*Nym. I shall have my eight shillings*": — This speech is found in the quartos only, where it is the exact repetition of *Nym's* first demand. Though it is necessary to that text, which has not *Bardolph's* threat to *Nym*, it may have been intentionally omitted in the folio as surplusage; but the dialogue runs on much easier with it, and I have allowed it to remain, though not without hesitation.

" "—— as ever you *came* of women": — The folio misprints "*come* of women." The quartos have, "As ever you *came* of men," &c.

" "—— *for lambkins we will live*": — i. e., we will live or be lambkins; not, "Let us condole the knight, lambkins; for we will live," as some editors make the sentence mean by placing a comma before and after 'lambkins,' thus cruelly defeating the gentle purposes of the Ancient.

Scene II.

p. 28. "—— *his bedfellow*": — Holinshed says, "The said lord Scroope was in such favour with the king that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow." The unpleasant practice to which even a king conformed, and which even a President and a Senator of the United States are said on one occasion to have followed, in equal trust and with better faith, was at first imposed by the scarcity of bed-room furniture and perhaps even of bed covering.

p. 29. "And, on *his more advice*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has plausibly, "*our* more advice;" but the King is merely opposing the man's reckless to his considerate condition; turning from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

p. 30. "Who are the *late* commissioners?" — 'Late' is here used in the sense of 'recent,' 'new.' Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*state* commissioners."

" "And *I*, my Royal Sovereign": — *Grey's* "And I" is connected with Cambridge's "I one," but the quarto reads, "And *me*," &c.

" "—— worrying *you*": — The quartos have "worrying them."

Digitized by Google

p. 30. "To furnish *him*," &c.: — 'Him,' omitted in the first folio, is supplied in the second.

p. 32. "*To mark* the full fraught man," &c.: — The folio misprints "to *make*," &c., which Theobald corrected.

" "*Henry*, Lord Scroop": — Thus the quarto: the folio, incorrectly, "Thomas Lord Scroope."

" "*For me — the gold of France did not seduce*," &c.: — Holinshed suggests that the Earl of Cambridge's motive in this conspiracy might have been the exaltation to the throne of his brother-in-law, Edmund Earl of March, heir to Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.

p. 33. "Which *I* in sufferance": — The folio omits 'I,' which was added in the next edition.

" "—— *into* desolation": — Mr. Collier's folio has "*unto* desolation" — a mere modernization: even now-a-days *men* are "sold" *into* captivity.

" "Whose ruin you [*have*] sought": — The folio omits the necessary 'have,' which is found in the quartos.

Scene III.

p. 34. "—— *any christom child*": — A chrysom child was a child which had been baptised, but was not yet more than a month old; for the chrysom, or white robe of baptism, was worn by the child from the performance of that ceremony until the mother was churched.

" "—— at *the turning o' the tide*": — It is an old English superstition that death always occurs at the beginning of the ebb tide; and the beautiful passage in Dickens' *David Copperfield*, where *Mr. Pegotty* says that *Barkis* "went out with the tide," shows that it has not yet lost its hold upon our popular belief.

" "—— *and 'a babbled of green fields*": — This clause is not in the quarto, and in the folio it is very corruptly printed, "and a *Table* of greene fields," which, by the most felicitous conjectural emendation ever made of Shakespeare's text, Theobald corrected to "and 'a *babbled* of green fields." Throughout this Scene *Mrs. Quickly* is incessant in her use of 'a' for 'he,' and 'babbled' — often written '*babled*' — might very easily be mistaken for 'table.' A Mr. Smith, whose note will be found in the Variorum of 1821, proposed to read "*on* a table of green *fells*," and the reading "*on* a table of green *frieze*" was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But both these corrections involve a greater change, and the supposition of

Digitized by Google

a less probable mistake than that does which Theobald proposed. He based his reading on its nearness to "the traces of the letters in the corrupted text," and on the belief that people near death "in a calenture have their heads run on green fields." It has not been hitherto remarked that the reading of the quarto impression of the imperfect play, "For when *I* saw him fumble with the sheets and *talk* of flowers," gives Theobald's conjecture support, of which, however, its fitness and its beauty render it almost independent.

p. 35. "—— *and so up'ard, and up'ard*": — Thus the original, very characteristically; the word when it occurs elsewhere being always printed in full; and yet every modern edition, even Capell's, reads, "*upward* and *upward*."

p. 36. "—— *keep close*, I thee command": — *Pistol's* speech has a double meaning, which is made apparent by a comparison of the corresponding passage in the quarto, "keep fast thy buggle boe," with the following lines quoted, incorrectly, by Steevens from Shirley's *Gentlemen of Venice*, Act I. Sc. 1.

> "The courtesans of Venice which shall tumble
> And keep their bugle-bows for thee, dear uncle."

As to 'housewifery,' too, see the Note on "overswitch'd housewives," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

Scene IV.

p. 38. "—— *his mountain sire*": — See Note on "Whiles his most mighty father, &c., Act I. Sc. 2. There has been some dispute as to the meaning of this phrase. Mr. Verplanck happily suggests that it alludes to the Welsh descent of Edward III.; and he might have observed that *Pistol's* calling of *Fluellen* "mountain squire," Act V. Sc. 1, supports this conjecture; but I have always understood the passage to refer to the towering height of Edward III.; and Steevens quoted in support of a similar interpretation the following passages, —

> "Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side
> Of a great hill, himself like a great hill."
> *Faerie Queen*, Book I. Can. 11.

"— *agmen ingens, magnique ipse agminis instar*": — the latter being from a Latin poet whose name he does not give and which I cannot remember.

p. 39. "Therefore in *fiery* tempest," &c.: — The old copies have, "in *fierce* tempest," and give a halting line. There can be no hesitation in accepting the suggestion of Mr.

Digitized by Google

Sidney Walker that we should read, 'fiery tempest;' — 'fierce' being a misprint of 'fierie.'

p. 39. "—— the *pining* maidens' groans": — Thus the quartos. The folio reads, "privy maidens," &c.; which, as Warburton ingeniously conjectured, may be a misprint of "'prived maidens;" but the reading of the quarto is less constrained, and the words might be mistaken for each other.

p. 40. "—— his *ordinance*":— i. e., his '*ordnance*.' The spelling of the old copy is necessarily preserved for the sake of the verse.

" "—— you'll find a *difference*":—The folio erroneously contracts this word "*diff'rence*" — a mistake more rarely made in that volume than the careless typography of the time would warrant us in expecting.

ACT THIRD.

CHORUS.

p. 41. "—— *at Hampton pier*":— The folio has by mistake "*Dover* pier."

" "—— young Phœbus *fanning*": — The folio has, by an obvious error, "*fayning*." The equally obvious correction was made by Rowe and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 42. "And *eke* out," &c.: — The old copies have "*eech* out;" from which, and from the following lines in *Pericles*, Act III. *Gower*:

> "With your fine fancies quaintly *each*;
> And time that is so briefly spent
> What's dumb in shew I'll plain with *speech*."

Malone concluded that 'eke' was sometimes pronounced *eech*. But it shows, rather, that *ch* was pronounced like *k* in many more words than at present, which is true. I am inclined to believe that 'speech' was originally the verb used as a substantive, and that for a long time after the change of spelling and the separation of ideas pertaining to the two words, they were both pronounced *speak*. See the Notes on "Sick of a calm," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 2, and on "Chattels and whatsoever," &c., *Henry VIII.*, Act III. Sc. 3.

Digitized by Google

SCENE I.

p. 43. "—— *summon* up the blood": — The folio has "*commune* up the blood." The obvious correction was made by Rowe, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— you *noble English*": — The folio has, "you *Noblish* English," owing to an accidental repetition of the second syllable of the last word. I suspect that the author wrote, "you *English nobles*," especially as 'Noblish' is spelled with a capital letter in the original.

" "Whose blood is *fet*": — 'Fet' is the old form of 'fetched.' It is found in the earlier editions of the authorized translation of the Bible.

" "—— to *men* of grosser blood": — The folio misprints "to *me*," &c.

SCENE II.

p. 44. "—— a *case* of lives": — i. e., two lives: as, a case of poignards, a case of pistols.

" "*Knocks go and come*": — I have no doubt that the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, in reading as follows, gave the whole of the song from which *Pistol* quotes, and which was preserved in the mouths of the people until a generation or two after Shakespeare had passed away.

"Knocks go and come
To all and some
God's vassals droop and die," &c.

And if *Pistol's* quotations were complete or correct, this emendation would have a good claim to a place in the text, and all the more that the lines are printed as prose in the folio. On the contrary, however, his reminiscences are habitually incomplete and garbled; and therefore we must not undertake to perfect them. 'All and some,' *meaning every body*, was so common a phrase in our early ballad literature, as to deprive General Taylor's "all the world and the rest of mankind" of its claims to originality.

" "—— to men of *mould*": — The silent 'conveyance' and reproduction, by recent editors, of Johnson's horticultural explanation, that *Pistol* means "to men of *earth*," justifies the otherwise needless exegesis that a man 'of mould' is a man of large frame, and so of strength, of prowess.

Digitized by Google

p. 45. "—— *would carry coals*": — Those servants who carried coals were, and perhaps are, the lowest in the household; and so this phrase was a common one to express abjectness. See "we'll not carry coals," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 1.

p. 46. "—— of the *wars*": — The folio reads, "of the *war*;" but the Welsh style of speaking English, especially that which we see in *Fluellen* and in *Sir Hugh Evans*, justifies our reading 'wars' with Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— *th' athversary*": — Pronounced *t'atversary*.

p. 47. "—— gude Captains *baith*": — The folio has "*bath*," because in Shakespeare's time that syllable might be pronounced with the primary or name sound of *a*. The accuracy of Shakespeare's ear, and the care which he took to express the peculiarity of the Scotch pronunciation, are so evident in the speeches of Captain *Jamy*, that there can be no doubt as to the propriety of the change.

" "The town is *beseech'd*": — Many not unintelligent readers regard this word as Welsh-English for 'besieged;' but it means summoned, not besieged; the town was not besieged more particularly at that day or hour than at any previous time. And as to the pronunciation of 'beseech' see the Note on "Sick of a calm," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 2, and "My lord I beseke your grace of audience," *Roberte the Deuyll*, St. 6.

" "Of *my nation! What ish*," &c.: — The folio gives this speech, which is not in the quartos, thus: —

"*Irish*. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?"

It was, strangely enough, left for Mr. Knight to observe that one of those accidental transpositions which are not uncommon in the printing office had taken place here, and that the clause "is a villain," &c., belongs at the end, and not in the middle of the speech. The change, which the sense requires, is supported by the fact that while all the other clauses are marked as interrogations, the transposed clause has a full point after it.

Scene III.

p. 49. "Of *deadly* murther," &c.: — The folio has, "Of *headly* Murther," which seems to be a misprint for the reading in the text. The second folio has, "Of *heady* Murther;" but 'heady,' although applicable to a battle, is not at all appropriate to the murders committed in a

Digitized by Google

sacked city, such as the ensuing lines of this speech describe.

p. 49. "*Defile* the locks":—The folio misprints, "*Desire* the locks." The obvious correction was made by Pope and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

Scene IV.

p. 50. With regard to this Scene in French, Gildon says, in his *Remarks on the Plays of Shakespeare*, that it "is extravagantly silly and unnatural; for why he [Shakespeare] should not allow her to speak in English as well as all the other French, I cannot imagine, since it adds no Beauty, but gives a patch'd and pye-bald Dialogue of no Beauty or Force." This mere opinion would not be noticed here, had it not been adopted and made the ground of a supposition, if not an argument, by Theobald, Warburton, and Farmer, that the Scene is none of Shakespeare's, but an interpolation. But the Scene has a dramatic purpose which these critics seem to have overlooked. Shakespeare sought to enliven his History by humor; and his intention here was to excite mirth by the exhibition of a Frenchwoman in the ridiculous emergency of sudden preparation for amorous conquest of an Englishman. This could best be done by making her attempt to learn his language, in doing which she must of course speak French; and Shakespeare here, as in the subsequent Scene between *Pistol* and the French soldier, instinctively preserved dramatic propriety at the expense of the mere verbal consistency of his work. That the Scene is Shakespeare's, the promise in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry IV.*, that in the continuation of the story the audience shall be made "merry with fair Katharine of France," is sufficient evidence, as Tyrwhitt remarked. Shakespeare's design was known to the writer of that Epilogue.

The Scene, which is little better than a confused jumble of letters in the quarto, is carefully and quite correctly printed in the folio. But there are some errors, as, for instance, "*Le main il & appelle* de Hand," and "*il & fort bon Anglois*," which show that it was put in type, or at least copied for the printer, not from MS., but from the lips of a reader; and that thus the French *est* was mistaken for the Latin *et*. The language is manifestly intended to be correct, according to the French idiom and orthography of Shakespeare's day, and is very nearly so.

p. 51. "De chin—*de sin*":—In Shakespeare's time, when *ch* had not the force of *k* it generally had that of *sh*.

Digitized by Google

Scene V.

p. 53. "In that *nook-shotten* isle": — Warburton, with probability, explained this as "an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land," the very figure of Great Britain; but, considering the contemptuous tone of the speech, Mr. Knight, with more probability, says that "the 'nook-shotten isle of Albion' is the isle thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world," — the "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*" of Virgil.

" "—— *sur-rein'd* jades": — i. e., over reined, or ridden.

" "Poor we [*may*] call them": — *May*, necessary to sense and rhythm, was omitted in the first folio, and supplied in the second.

" "—— *lavoltas* high": — *La volta* was an Italian dance in which the lady, by the assistance of the gentleman, turned rapidly around several times, and made a high spring into the air; so high, in fact, and with so much *abandon*, that Thoinot Arbeau, a writer upon what he calls "*l'honneste exercise des dances*," (Langres, 1589,) in his instructions upon this dance, gives particular directions not only how the gentleman is to assist the lady, and as to which limbs and parts of her body he is to apply the requisite force in aid of her saltation, but as to the manner in which he is, "*tenir ferme sa cotte ou sa robbe, affin que, cueillant le vent, elle ne monstre sa chemise ou sa cuisse nue.*" The curious reader will find the instructions quoted at length in Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*. As to the *coranto*, see the Notes on *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 3, p. 245.

" "Charles *De-la-bret*": — In the folio "De la *breth.*" The name is *D'Albret*. "Bouciqualt" should be *Bourciqualt*.

p. 54. "—— lords and *knights*": — The folio has, "lords and *kings*," an obvious error, corrected by Theobald and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— into *Rouen*": — The folio spells this word *Roan*, the quarto *Rhone*; and the pronunciation was 'conform,' as *Caleb Balderstone* would say.

Scene VI.

p. 55. "—— *but keeps the pridge most valiantly*": — This incident is historical.

" "And of *buxom* valour": — The original form of 'buxom' is 'boughsŏme' = yielding, bowing, obedient,

Digitized by Google

as the boughs of trees are to the wind. But as long as two hundred and fifty years ago a great and singular change had taken place in its signification. *Pistol* may use it in the sense of obedient, well disciplined, or that of lusty, well developed, full blooded.

p. 56. "—— afore *her* eyes": — The folio has, "*his* eyes," which, as 'his' was used for 'her' as well as for 'its,' may not be a misprint.

" "—— *a pax*": — Nares, in his Glossary, remarks, in definition of this word, and upon the change to 'pix' made by most editors, — "a pix — the casket which contains a sacred wafer — is not such an article as *Bardolph* could readily have stolen. The 'pax of little price' is a small plate of wood or metal with some sacred representation engraved upon it, tendered to the people to kiss at the conclusion of the Mass."

" "*The fig of Spain*": — See the Note on "and fig me," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act V. Sc. 3.

p. 57. "—— at such and such a *sconce*": — "For all that Sir Duncan, answered the persevering commander," (hight *Dugald Dalgetty*,) "I would premonish you, as a friend, to trace out ane sconce upon that round hill, with a good graffe, or ditch, &c. Also I would advise you to fortify the said sconce not only by a foussie or graffe, but also by certain stackets or palisades. . . . The whilk stackets or palisades, &c.," &c. *Legend of Montrose*, Chap. X.

" "—— new *tuned* oaths": — Probably a misprint for 'new *found* oaths.' See "and full of new found oaths," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 4, and "I should be a rich eloquent merchant of new found phrases," *The Optick Glasse of Humors*. 1607. "To the Reader." Sig. ¶ 8.

" "*Enter King . . . and Soldiers*": — The direction in the folio is, "*Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.*"

Scene VII.

p. 61. "—— on four *pasterns*": — The folio misprints, "*postures.*"

" "—— and all other *jades*": — There was of old no reproach necessarily conveyed by the word 'jade.'

" "—— a most *absolute* and excellent horse": — We have lost a very good word in losing 'absolute' with its Elizabethan signification, if, indeed, it be hopelessly gone. It meant something more than 'perfect,' or even 'unexceptionable,' and was sometimes used to convey the idea that the thing of which it was predicated had standard or authoritative merit. Thus — "This Book

Digitized by Google

is the ornament of the Common Law and the most perfect and absolute Work that ever was written in any humane Science." *Coke upon Littleton*, Preface, Sig. A 6, fol. 16.

p. 62. "—— in your *strait strossers*": — i. e., in your tight trowsers, or your skin. The kernes of Ireland were as impatient of artificial breeching as the Captain of Knockdunder. 'Strossers' is an old form of trowsers, and 'strait' is used in the sense of narrow; as, "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way," &c.

" "—— my mistress wears *his* own hair": — The quarto has "*her* own hair;" but, as the *Dauphin* is actually speaking of his horse, the reading of the folio is equally correct.

p. 63. "—— he will *still be doing*": — See the Note on "I could not do withal," *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 4.

p. 64. "—— 'tis a *hooded valour*": — The allusion is to hooded hawks. As to "*bate*," see the Note on "that bate and beat," *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

" "—— any *apprehension*": — i. e., capacity to apprehend, or seize intellectually.

ACT FOURTH.

Chorus.

p. 66. "—— of drowsy morning *name*": — The folio has "*nam'd*." The obvious correction was left for Tyrwhitt to make. Hanmer read, "morning's nam'd."

" "*Presenteth* them," &c.: — The folio misprints, "*Presented*," &c.

p. 67. "*With four or five most vile and ragged foils*," &c.: — Sir Philip Sidney, describing the stage management of his day, in his *Defense of Poesie*, affords the best comment on this passage — "two armies flie in represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what hard hart will not receiue it for a pitched field?"

Scene I.

p. 68. "—— and fresh *legerity*": — This use of 'legerity' for 'lightness' is one of the many Gallicisms of Shakespeare's day.

p. 69 "—— common and *popular*": — i. e., of the people.

Digitized by Google

p. 69. "—— speak *lower*" :— The folio has "*fewer*;" doubtless a misprint for 'lower,' (which is found in the quarto of 1608 and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632,) as *Gower's* replies, "Why, the enemy is loud;" and "I will speak lower," show.

p. 70. "Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham*" :— The folio, erroneously, "Sir *John*."

p. 73. "—— wash every *mote* out," &c. :— The folio, as before, "every *moth*." See Introduction to *Much Ado about Nothing* and the Notes on "Enter Moth," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. I. Sc. 2, and on "Peasblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustard-seed," *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1.

" "—— something *too round*" :— the quarto, "something too *bitter*."

p. 75. "What is thy *soul of adoration?*" — i. e., according to a common Elizabethan idiom, 'What is the soul [the life, the essential part] of thy adoration?' The folio has, by a slight misprint, which was corrected in the second folio, "What? is thy Soule of Adoration?" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads, "What is thy soul *but adulation?*" Johnson proposed, "What is thy soul, *O* adoration?" and Steevens read, "What is *the* soul of adoration?"

" "The *farced* title" : — A metaphor borrowed from the kitchen 'farced,' meaning stuffed and high seasoned. What is now generally called forced meat, should be called *farced* meat.

> "His typet was ay farsud ful of knyfes
> And pynnes, for to give faire wyfes."
> Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, Prol. 234.

> "To make both broth and farcing, and that full deinty."
> *Jacob and Esau*, 1568.

p. 76. "—— *if* th' opposed numbers:" — The folio has, by a slight and easy misprint, "*of* the opposed numbers." But this has been hitherto retained, with a full point at the end of the line, and none between "them" and "not" in the next line. Aside from the awkwardness of this last arrangement, the reading of the quartos confirms that given in the text, which Tyrwhitt suggested:—

> "O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
> Take from them now the sence of reckoning,

Digitized by Google

That the opposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appeale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O God
Thinke on," &c.

SCENE II.

p. 77. "And *doubt* them": — i. e., terrify them. Cotgrave defines "*Doubter*, to doubt, . . . to fear, awe, dread, redoubt." Rowe and Malone read '*dout*,' i. e., do out, as 'doff' for 'do off,' 'don' for 'do on.'

p. 79. "Big Mars seems *bankrupt*": — The folio gives this word "banqu'rout." See Note on "but bankerout the wits," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1, p. 446.

" "—— *the gimmal bit*": — 'Gimmal,' from the Latin *gemellus* = double, twinned, was applied to a bit made with two rings that played within each other. Bits of this kind are still in use. The folio prints, "*Jymold* Bitt."

" "—— with *chaw'd* grass": — So the original, *chaw* being the old form of the word, which was preserved until the last generation among the educated and cultivated people of New England. It is related of one of the most learned and able of the Presidents of Yale College that he gave this among other sensible advice to a Senior Class: "And, young gentlemen, if you would have long life, chaw your food well, and at night throw your cares under the bed."

" "I stay but for my *guard: On* to the field": — Mr. Knight and Mr. Dyce, on the ingenious suggestion of Dr. Thackeray of Cambridge, England, read, "I stay but for my *guidon:* to the field." A guidon is a standard; and in Holinshed's account of this battle it is said that some of the French leaders were in such haste that they would not stay for their standards, and one, the Duke of Brabant, caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and affixed to a spear. This passage Shakespeare evidently had in mind, and possibly Dr. Thackeray is right.

SCENE III.

p. 80. "*Enter Salisbury*": — This Earl of Salisbury was Thomas de Montacute, fourth and last Earl of that name and title, who was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1428. See 1 *Henry VI.*, Act I. Sc. 4. He was a connection of the Earl of Westmoreland by intermarriage rather than his kinsman.

" "*And yet I do thee wrong*". — In the folio this line and the next are misplaced — preceding there, instead of fol-

Digitized by Google

lowing the first line of *Exeter's* speech. The correct reading of the passage is indicated in the quartos, although it is there in the mouth of another speaker. It is thus printed: —

"Farewell kinde lords, fight valiantly to-day,
And yet in truth I do the wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honor."

p. 81. "—— *the feast of Crispian*": — The battle of Agincourt took place on the 25th of October, 1415; and the feast of Saint Crispian is set down in the old calendars as falling on the 24th.

" "He that shall *live* this day and *see* old age": — The folio transposes 'see' and 'live' with manifest error, even did not the quarto read, "He that out-lives this day, and sees old age." Pope made the necessary correction.

" "—— feast his *neighbours*": — The quartos, "feast his *friends*," which has been almost universally given, and, it would seem, because that was thought the better word, both as to sense and rhythm. But Shakespeare did not think so. See *Henry VIII.*, Act V. Sc. 4, —

"—— and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours."

/ ["*And say, These wounds*," &c.: — This line is found in the quartos, but not in the folio. Without it, the transition is abrupt; and the relative, "that day," three lines below, seems also to require it. It was quite surely omitted by accident in transcribing or printing.

" "Familiar in *his mouth*": — Thus the folio: the quartos, which have been followed by all editors hitherto, except Mr. Knight, Mr. Verplanck, and Mr. Hudson, have, "Familiar in *their mouths*." But the quarto text is here, as elsewhere, but a very imperfect representation of a work afterward recast and elaborated. This passage, for instance, appears there, in this form: —

"And say, to-morrow is S. *Crispins* day:
Then shall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the king,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
Warwicke and *Yorke*,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
This story shall the old man tell his son," &c.

But Shakespeare, in correcting or recasting the speech, changed the order of the lines, and made the names of the King and his companions familiar as household words in the mouth of the old soldier who had served with them, and who in his peaceful home daily fought his battles

Digitized by Google

o'er again, but remembered only in the flowing cups of the neighbors whom he called to feast with him, and who had no personal relations with the leaders at Agincourt to make their names a household memory.

p. 82. "—— shall *gentle his condition*": — i. e., change him from gentle to simple, or make him a gentleman. Tollet remarks that *Henry V.* "inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt."

" "—— thou hast unwish'd *five thousand men*": — The English force, according to the highest estimate, numbered fifteen thousand men, according to the lowest, seven thousand. Shakespeare represents it in Exeter's speech (the fourth in this Scene) as twelve thousand strong. 'Five thousand' in this speech of the *King's* is plainly a slip of memory, or perhaps an error for '*ten* thousand,' referring to the number for which *Westmoreland* had wished.

p. 83. "Killing in *relapse* of mortality": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "in *reflex* of mortality." But, according to Shakespeare's habit with regard to words of Latin derivation, 'relapse' is here used in its radical sense, to slip back, as applied to matter, in which sense it is quite appropriate. We now use it entirely in a metaphorical sense; and so it was very generally used even when Shakespeare wrote.

p. 84. "—— for *a* ransom": — The article is probably an accidental interpolation, as will appear from the sixth line above. 'Thou wilt' is to be pronounced as 'Thou'lt,' here as frequently elsewhere, which has been remarked by Mr. Dyce.

Scene IV.

p. 85. "Quality? *Callino castore me*": — The folio reads, "*Qualtitie calmie custure me?*" Malone was the first to point out that the last three words are a misprint for those in the text, which form the burden of an old Irish song preserved in Playford's *Musical Companion*. The words mean, "Little girl of my heart," as Boswell was informed by an Irish schoolmaster. *Pistol* quotes always at haphazard, and perhaps thought that he was speaking French.

" "—— on point of *fox*": — 'Fox' was an old slang word for 'sword.'

" "—— thy *rim*": — Malone showed from Cole's Dic-

Digitized by Google

tionary, 1677, that the 'rim' is "the caul in which the bowels are wrapped," i. e., the omentum.

p. 86. "—— and *firk* him": — 'Firk' is used in so many senses by our old dramatic writers, that its meaning cannot be determined. It is used for beat, filch, quibble, be even with, worry, and cause to hop about or dance. See the Index to the Notes to Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, to find instances of all these uses. Here it probably means, to beat.

" "*Owee, cuppe le gorge*," &c.: — So the folio; and as it is plainly intended that *Pistol* should be ignorant of French, and that his various attempts to speak foreign languages should be ridiculous, it seems that the editors have been hitherto altogether superfluous in correcting his French. The *Frenchman* and the *Boy* are of course to speak properly, according to the French idiom of the time; and in the folio their speeches are printed with a notable approach to accuracy.

p. 87. "—— *this roaring Devil i' th' old play*": — See *Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage*, Vol. I.

" "—— if *he* knew of it": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, plausibly but superfluously, "if *they* knew of it:" '*he*' as a relative to a collective noun was commonly used in Shakespeare's time. The proposed correction is a modernization.

Scene V.

p. 88. "*Let's die in honour*," &c.: — The folio gives the line thus: "*Let us* die *in* once more back again," where there is plainly a corruption by deficiency. This the corresponding line in the quarto, "*Let's dye with honor*, our shame doth last too long," enables us to correct. Mr. Knight first made the restoration.

" "*Let us in heaps*," &c.: — Malone inserted after this line the following, which he found in the quarto: "Unto these English, or else die with fame."

Scene VI.

p. 89. "—— *raught* me his hand": — 'Raught' is the old preterite of 'reach.'

" "With *mistful* eyes": — The folio, "*mixtful*" — an error obvious, yet left to be corrected by Warburton.

Scene VII.

p. 90. "*Kill the poys and the luggage*": — This incident, as well as that of the killing of the French prisoners, is histori-

Digitized by Google

cal, and Holinshed assigns for the latter act the reasons given by *Henry V.* and *Gower* in this play.

p. 91. "*Enter . . . Warwick*": — This was Richard de Beauchamp, fourteenth Earl of Warwick, and the fifth of his name who bore that title. It was by marriage with his granddaughter Ann de Beauchamp, styled Countess of Warwick, that Richard Nevill, 'the King Maker,' obtained the Earldom of Warwick.

p. 92. "*That I have fin'd these bones of mine,*" &c.: — The King refers to his former speech to *Mountjoy*, in the third Scene of this Act — "Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones."

" "To *look* our dead": — In this line, which is not in the quartos, the folio has, "To *book* our dead" — a phrase entirely inconsistent with the customs and necessities of the field of battle, and which is due only to the easy mistaking of *l* for *b*. It has however been hitherto retained. The correction occurred to me independently, as it doubtless has to many others, and I found it effectually sustained by the corresponding passage in the *Famous Victories*, where the Herald says, "He [the King of France] hath sent me to desire your Majestie to give him leave to goe into the field to *view* his poore Countreymen, that they may all be honourably buried." The use of 'look' without a preposition was not uncommon in Shakespeare's day; and the correction receives accessory support from having been found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— and *the* wounded steeds": — The folio has, "and *with* wounded steeds," the compositor's eye having glanced to the line below. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 and Malone (who erroneously says that the folio reads, "and with *their* wounded steeds") read, "and *their* wounded steeds." But in this sentence 'their' would refer to the peasants, who had no steeds; and 'the' affords the more probable correction.

" "*Yerk* out their armed heels": — i. e., jerk out, &c. 'Yerk' and 'jerk' are the same word; the difference of spelling being merely the result of the old pronunciation of *j*, which was like that which then prevailed, and still prevails, on the continent of Europe, — i. e., *i* consonant, with the force of *y*.

p. 93. "—— *their Monmouth caps*": — This is not a compliment to Harry of Monmouth; for as Fuller, quoted by Malone, says, "The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth where the Capper's chapel doth still remain."

p. 94. "—— who, if *alive, and ever dare*". — i. e., if *he* ever

Digitized by Google

dare. This, the reading of the folio, most editors change to "who if *'a live*," &c., which the previous speech of Williams and the last part of this show to be incorrect.

p. 94. "—— a gentleman of *great sort*": — See Note on "But few of any sort," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 1, and in the next Scene, p. 98, "What prisoners of good sort are taken?"

" "*When Alençon and myself were down together*": — The Duke of Alençon felled Henry to the ground, who recovered and killed two of the Duke's followers, and Alençon was then slain by Henry's guard.

Scene VIII.

p. 96. "—— his payment *into* plows": — 'Into' for 'in' is not without precedent, and is heard from the lips of incorrect speakers now-a-days. Heath superfluously suggested that we should read, "in two plows."

p. 99. "—— sixteen hundred *mercenaries*": — i. e., soldiers who received pay, in contradistinction to those who followed their lords, rendering feudal service.

"Sir Guischard *Dauphin*": — This word is spelled *Dolphin* as usual in the folio; but, it being a proper name, it should have the French orthography.

" "*Davy Gam, Esquire*": — This was a brave Welshman who distinguished himself by his prowess at the field of Agincourt, having, among his other feats, saved King Henry's life. It was he who, on being sent out to reconnoitre before the battle, made the report, "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He figures largely in Drayton's spirited poem upon this battle.

" "For it is *none but* thine": — So the folio; the idiom being in common use in Shakespeare's time, and easily understood at any time; and yet all modern editions, except Mr. Knight's and Mr. Dyce's, silently read "*only* thine," with the quartos, and even Capell does not notice the variation.

ACT FIFTH.

Chorus.

p. 100. "—— [*with*] wives": — 'With,' omitted in the first folio, was supplied in the second.

Digitized by Google

p. 100. "—— a mighty *whiffler*": — i. e., a whistler; hence, a fifer; and hence a person who heads a procession.

p. 101. "*Were now the General of our gracious Empress*," &c.: — The allusion is to the Earl of Essex, who in April, 1599, went to Ireland, as Governor, to quell the rebellion of Tyrone. On his departure a throng, of all ranks and conditions, pressed round him, cheering and blessing him. His return, in September of the same year, far from being what the poet here reasonably predicted, was secret and solitary, for it had been preceded by disaster. *Sic transit.*

" "—— *Now, in London place him*": — This passage is thus printed in the folio: —

> "—— Now in London place him.
> As yet the lamentation of the French
> Invites the King of Englands stay at home:
> The Emperour's coming in behalf of France
> To order peace between them: and omit," &c.

Sense can be made of the passage only by considering all between "place him" and "and omit" as parenthetical, and reading 'the Emperor coming' for 'the Emperor's coming,' which gives a very consistent reading, and which is here done for the first time. Malone supposed that a line had been lost before "The Emperour's," &c., and Capell even undertook to supply a line before "and omit." [The publication of Mr. Dyce's edition anticipates the present in the punctuation of this passage; but Mr. Dyce still prints "the Emperor's" which makes all the trouble; and he pronounces the passage "evidently corrupt, probably mutilated."

Scene I.

p. 102. Johnson very reasonably conjectured that this Scene should be the last of the fourth Act. The incident is evidently meant to precede the return of the army to England, and to take place immediately after the battle. It is more than probable that we have not Shakespeare's own division of this play.

" "—— why wear you *your leek to-day*": — It does not appear that the leek is an ancient British or Welsh emblem. So learned an antiquary as Sir Samuel Meyrick knows of no mention of the leek in Welsh literature from the fifth century to the reign of Elizabeth. The following lines, —

> "I like the leek above all herbs and flowers:
> When *first we wore the same, the field was ours*,
> The leek is *white* and *green*," &c.,

Digitized by Google

having been found in a poem written by a Welshman in the time of James I., Sir Samuel supposes that the leek was worn by the large body of Welshmen who were in Henry VII.'s service at Bosworth field; the Tudor colors being white and green.

p. 103. "*Cadwallader* and all his goats": — Cadwallader was the last King of the Britons. He fled from Britain to Rome before the Saxons in 686, and died there in 703.

" "—— *a squire of low degree*": — For the old romance beginning, —

"It was a squyer of lowe degrè
That loved the King's daughter of Hongrè,"

See Ritson's *Ancient Engleish Metrical Romances*, Vol. III. p. 145.

" "—— I eat, and *yet* I swear": — The folio (the passage not being in the quartos) has, "I eate and *eate* I sweare," which is evidently wrong. It was at first changed to "I eat *and swear*." Johnson read, "I eat and *eke* I swear," which for a long time was the received text. Holt White proposed, "I eat, and *eating* swear." It seems to me that *Pistol's* speech and *Fluellen's* reply, "there is not enough leek to swear by," justify my conclusion that 'eate' is a misprint for 'yet.'

p. 104. "Doth Fortune *play the huswife*," &c.: — We shall get at *Pistol's* meaning more exactly by pronouncing, 'huswife' as he probably pronounced it, *hussy*. See the Note on "overswitch'd housewives," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

" "—— my *Nell* is dead": — The folio, "my *Doll*," &c., and so the quartos. But that this is a double mistake for 'Nell,' as Malone concluded, is evident from the facts that *Doll Tear-sheet* held *Pistol* in high scorn, which he returned with interest; and that in any case her death of the malady to which she was professionally exposed would not have cut off *Pistol* from the comfortable rendezvous, as he calls it, which he had at his wife's inn in Eastcheap.

" "*Of malady* of France": — The folio has, "Of *a* malady," &c., the article being without doubt an accidental interpolation. The quartos have, "One [i. e., on = of] malady," &c.

" "And *swear*": — The folio misprints, "And *swore*."

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

p. 105. "Enter . . . *Clarence*": — *Clarence* and *Huntington*, as they have nothing to say, have not hitherto been brought upon the stage; but as the King addresses them in this Scene, p. 107, they must of course be represented, though they have properly no place in the Dramatis Personæ.

" "—— brother *England*": — The folio misprints "brother *Ireland*."

" "—— *balls* of murthering *basilisks*": — 'Basilisk' was the name both of a serpent and a gun.

p. 106. "—— *all* uncorrected": — The folio misprints "*with all*," &c. Corrected by Rowe and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "And *as* our vineyards": — The folio has, "And *all*," &c., which is plainly a misprint for "And as," &c., which is shown by the "Even so" of the next line but one. This Mr. Roderick first observed: *Canons of Criticism*, Ed. 1765, p. 257.

p. 107. "—— *diffus'd* attire": — 'Diffused' was used for 'confused,' 'disorderly.' So "with some diffused song," *The Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

" "—— a *cursorary eye*": — This word, another instance of the use of which is not known, evidently perplexed the printers. It appears in the folio as "*curselary*," and in the quarto of 1600 as "*cursenary*;" but in that of 1608 it is correctly printed.

" "*Pass our accept*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "Pass *or* accept," &c.; — the most plausible of conjectural emendations. But in spite of the singular use of 'accept' as an adjective, I should not feel warranted in changing the old text.

p. 110. "—— plain and *uncoined* constancy": — i. e., — it may be pardonable to observe, — a constancy which hath never been stamped, a true heart which hath never borne any other image.

p. 115. "—— that war hath [*never*] enter'd": — The folio omits 'never,' which is plainly required, and which was supplied by Rowe. Capell and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 read, "hath *not* enter'd."

" "—— *Præclarissimus filius noster*": — This is not the Latin for '*Notre tres cher fils*;' and the mistake occurred

Digitized by Google

thus: In Hall's Chronicle, the proper word, *præcarissimus*, is printed *præcharissimus*, which Holinshed or his transcriber mistook for *præclarissimus*, and so printed it; and Shakespeare copied the error.

p. 116. "—— between the *paction* of these kingdoms": — The folio has "*pation*," an evident misprint that Theobald corrected by reading 'paction,' which has been generally accepted in the sense of compact, contract.

Digitized by Google

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Digitized by Google

The first Part of Henry the Sixth occupies twenty-four pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 96 to p. 119 inclusive, in the division of Histories. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, which are, however, somewhat carelessly marked; but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ. This Rowe supplied.

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY VI. PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

HENSLOWE'S Diary, which has preserved so much dramatic history, and given us so many glimpses behind the scenes of the Elizabethan stage, records the performance of a play called "henery the vj" on the 3d of March, 1591–2.* It has been conjectured that this was a play that Shakespeare remoulded and rewrote into his First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*. But if we are to accept Henslowe's mark *ne*, which he placed opposite this entry, as evidence that the play to which it refers was performed at that date for the first time, such an opinion as to its precedence and its relation to Shakespeare's work, as it was first produced, cannot be entertained for a moment; for all the evidence upon the subject goes to show that not only the First but the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* had been written and performed seriatim before March, 1591–2, as the reader of the subsequent Essay upon the Authorship of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* will find.† That Essay leaves little of an introductory nature to be set forth with regard to this and the two succeeding plays. The incidents of all were furnished by the Chronicles; and the period of their action and their costume are determined by their historical character. The text of the First Part exists in a very fair condition in the folio of 1623, its only source. It is full of irregularities of rhythm and expression; but these are of it, not accidental to it. To correct them, after the fashion of the second folio and Mr. Collier's MS. corrector would be to rewrite a large part of the play.

* See p. 22 of *The Diary of Philip Henslowe:* published by the Shakespeare Society, 1845. Ed. Collier.

† The Essay follows the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, at the end of this volume.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, *Uncle to the* King, *and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Uncle to the* King, *Regent of France.*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of* Exeter, } *Great-uncles to*
HENRY BEAUFORT, *Bishop of* Winchester, } *the* King.
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of* Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York.
EARLS OF WARWICK, SALISBURY, *and* SUFFOLK.
TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of* Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, *his* Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of* March.
Sir JOHN FASTOLFE. Sir WILLIAM LUCY. Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE. Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE.
WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.* Mayor of London.
VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York Faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.*
Mortimer's Keeper, *and a* Lawyer.

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
REIGNIER, *Duke of* Anjou *and King of* Naples.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY *and* ALENÇON. Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris. Master-Gunner of Orleans, *and his* Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
A French Sergeant. *A* Porter. *An old* Shepherd, *Father to* Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, *Daughter to* Reignier.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN la Pucelle, *commonly called* Joan of Arc.

Fiends *appearing* to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, *and several* Attendants *both on the* English *and* French.

SCENE: *Partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

Digitized by Google

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

ACT I.

Scene I. — Westminster Abbey.

—*Dead March. Enter the Funeral of* King Henry the Fifth, *attended on by the* Dukes *of* Bedford, Gloster, *and* Exeter, *the* Earl *of* Warwick, *the* Bishop *of* Winchester, Heralds, *&c.*

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

Digitized by Google

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exeter. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Winchester. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought;
The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The Church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh:
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!

Digitized by Google

Let's to the altar: — Heralds, wait on us. —
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
—When at their mothers' moisten'd eyes babes shall suck,
—Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead. —
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
—Than Julius Cæsar, or bright ——

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered, —
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilest a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.

Digitized by Google

One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
—A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
—These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dolphin, Charles, is crowned King in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dolphin crowned King! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Digitized by Google

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell; and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
The French exclaim'd, the Devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
"A Talbot! A Talbot!" cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind

Digitized by Google

With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dolphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dolphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours. —
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd.
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack Out-of-office:
The King from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter Charles, *with his* Forces; Alençon, Reignier, *and others.*

Charles. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alençon. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender ti'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reignier. Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?

Digitized by Google

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.
Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now, for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a retreat. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
—England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean, raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
—And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
— *Reig.* I think, by some odd gimmals or device

Digitized by Google

Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard *of* Orleans.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the Nine Sibyls of old Rome;
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit* Bastard.] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dolphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires.*

Enter La Pucelle, Bastard *of* Orleans, *and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?
Pucelle. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? — Come, come from behind;

Digitized by Google

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart. —
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dolphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this; — thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make:
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,
—Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;

Digitized by Google

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name: I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight.*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred, from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Digitized by Google

Puc. Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
—Expect Saint Martin's Summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud, insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the Earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we'll try. — Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE III.

London. Tower Hill.

Enter, at the gates, the Duke *of* GLOSTER, *with his* Serving-men *in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
—Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates! 'Tis Gloster that calls.
[Servants *knock.*

1 *Warder.* [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Servant.* It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up the gates; I'll be your warrantise.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

GLOSTER'S Men *rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the gates,* WOODVILLE, *the* Lieutenant

Woodville. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates: here's Gloster that would enter.

Digitized by Google

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
—From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

— *Enter* WINCHESTER, *attended by* Servants *in tawny coats.*

— *Win.* How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?
—*Glo.* Pill'd priest, do'st thou command me to be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the King or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murther our dead lord;
—Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.
—I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
—This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Digitized by Google

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face? —

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[GLOSTER *and his* Men *attack the* Bishop.

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of Pope or dignities of Church;
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry, — a rope! a rope! —
Now beat them hence: why do you let them stay? —
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. —
Out, tawny coats! — out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOSTER'S Men *beat out the* Cardinal's Men; *and enter in the hurly-burly the* Mayor *of* London *and his* Officers.

Mayor. Fie, Lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, Mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'er charging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour, here, out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Digitized by Google

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation. —
— Come, Officer: as loud as e'er thou canst.

Officer. [Cries.] *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace, and the King's, we charge and command you, in his Highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
— *Win.* Gloster, we'll meet, to thy [dear] cost be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away. —
This cardinal's more haughty than the Devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
— For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart. —
Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.

France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

Master-Gunner. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
—Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
—And even these three days have I watch'd if I
Could see them.
Now, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT; Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Salisbury. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?

Digitized by Google

How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
— *Talbot.* The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailes;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
—Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
—But O, the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while,
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Digitized by Google

— *Enter* Boy *on the Walls with a linstock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee. —
Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gargrave. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glansdale. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
— Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY *and Sir* THO. GARGRAVE *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us? —
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off! —
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. —
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to Heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world. —

Digitized by Google

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! —
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it. —
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles ——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.' —
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, [Nero,]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*An Alarum; it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:
The Dolphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power, to raise the siege.
[SALISBURY *lifts himself up and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd. —
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle or puzzel, Dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains. —
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE V.

The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT *pursues the* Dolphin, *and drives him: then enter* JOAN La Pucelle, *driving Englishmen before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire; I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. — I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or Devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, — thou art a witch, —
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[La Pucelle *enters the town, with* Soldiers.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:

Digitized by Google

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be. — Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. —
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury.
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his* Forces.

SCENE VI.

The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the Walls, La Pucelle, CHARLES REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and* Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English: —
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,

Digitized by Google

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dolphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won,
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the Kings and Queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Same.

Enter to the Gates a French Sergeant, *and two* Sentinels.

SERGEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant.
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

[*Exit* Sergeant.

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and* Forces, *with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! — how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of Hell.

Burgundy. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Digitized by Google

Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid, and be so martial?
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long!
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed. I'll to yond' corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave. —
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The* English *scale the walls, crying,* "*St. George! a Talbot!*" *and all enter the town.*

Sent. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

—*The* French *leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the* BASTARD, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,

Digitized by Google

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES *and* La Pucelle.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no farther of the case,
How, or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;

Digitized by Google

And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
—And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, *crying,* "*A Tal—bot! a Talbot!*" *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Soldier. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the Earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,

Digitized by Google

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,

Digitized by Google

When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. —
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me, then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd. —
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her. —
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well, then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, Captain. [*Whispers.*] — You perceive my mind.

Captain. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess *and her* Porter.

Countess. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Porter. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Digitized by Google

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? — Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my Lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Enter Porter, *with keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like,

Digitized by Google

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

— *Count.* This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

— *Tal.* That will I shew you presently.

He winds his horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,

Digitized by Google

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls *of* Somerset, Suffolk, *and* Warwick, Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, *and a* Lawyer.

Plantagenet. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suffolk. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Somerset. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

Digitized by Google

Warwick. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ti'd, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say, withal, I think he held the right.

Vernon. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Digitized by Google

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding-roses

Digitized by Google

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
—I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole:
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:
—His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, King of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late King's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,

Digitized by Google

And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle [sir.]
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE V.

The Same. A Room in the Tower.

—*Enter* MORTIMER, *brought in a chair by two* Keepers.

Mortimer. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself. —
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of Death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
—Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have. —
But tell me, Keeper, will my nephew come?

1 *Keeper.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied. —
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,

Digitized by Google

With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. —
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was:
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Digitized by Google

Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward, King, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the North,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
—Was for that (young [King] Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir: the rest I wish thee gather;
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Digitized by Google

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the House of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me; as the slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days. —
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest. —
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life. —
[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* MORTIMER.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort;
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
—Or make my ill th' advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Same. The Parliament-house.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the* Bishop *of* Winchester, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;* Winchester *snatches it, and tears it.*

WINCHESTER.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree:
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,

Digitized by Google

As well at London bridge as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. — Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And, for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the King;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good —

Glo. As good?
— Thou bastard of my grandfather! —

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not Protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. — Roam thither then.
My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, see the Bishop be not overborne.

Digitized by Google

Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
[*Aside.*] Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King Henry. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth. —
[*A noise within:* "Down with the tawny coats!"
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop's men.
[*A noise again:* "Stones! Stones!"

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The Bishop's and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.

Digitized by Google

Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men *of* GLOSTER *and* Winchester, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Servant.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*They skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

1 *Serv.* My lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his Majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

3 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.
[*They skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul! —
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

Digitized by Google

War. Yield, my Lord Protector; — yield, Winchester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murther too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet King! — the Bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent:
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay; but I fear me with a hollow heart. —
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract! —
Away, my masters: trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt* Mayor, Servants, &c.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: — for, sweet Prince,
An if your Grace mark every circumstance
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your Majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the House of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot;
And in reguerdon of that duty done
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Digitized by Google

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your Majesty.
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of York!
Som. [*Aside.*] Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of York.
Glo. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
K. Hen. When Gloster says the word King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* EXETER.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe, —
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
—And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.
[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

Scene II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen.
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers ever Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*

Puc. *Paisans, les pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter; go in: the market-bell is rung.
[*Opens the gates.*

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [Pucelle, *&c., enter the city.*

Enter Charles, Bastard *of* Orleans, Alençon, *and* Forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;

Digitized by Google

Which, once discern'd, shews that her meaning is, —
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle *on a battlement, holding out a burning torch.*

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend!
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry, 'The Dolphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT *and* English Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.
[*Exeunt to the town.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the* English Forces. *Then, enter on the walls,* La Pucelle, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Digitized by Google

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your Grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at Death within a chair?
— *Tal.* Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are you so hot, sir? — Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace:
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. —
[TALBOT *and the rest consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang! — base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks. —

Digitized by Google

God b' wi' y', my lord: we came but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt* La Pucelle, *&c., from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be, too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame. —
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die;
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. — Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field and vanquished his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast! —
Then, be it so: — Heavens keep old Bedford safe! —
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and* Forces, *leaving* BEDFORD *and others.*

Digitized by Google

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a* Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fastolfe. Whither away? to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee. [*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, La Pucelle, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c., and exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*

Tal. Lost and recovered in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Let Heavens have glory for this victory.

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.

Digitized by Google

Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the King;
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in Court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, *the* Bastard, ALENÇON, La Pucelle, *and* Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedi'd.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail.
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,

Digitized by Google

And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English march. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT *and his* Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French march. Enter the Duke *of* BURGUNDY *and* Forces.

Now, in the rearward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Digitized by Google

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
—As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way!
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?

Digitized by Google

But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord:
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees. —
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours. —
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, *and other* Lords, Vernon, Basset, *&c. To them* Talbot, *and some of his* Officers.

Tal. My gracious Prince and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

Digitized by Google

I have a while given truce unto my wars
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm — that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem —
Lets fall his sword before your Highness' feet;
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* King HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and* Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours, that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Basset. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the Duke of Somerset.

Digitized by Google

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take ye that.
[*Striking him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And after meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. — The Same. A Room of State.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Winchester, Warwick, Talbot, *the* Governor *of* Paris, *and others.*

Gloster.

LORD Bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath, —
[Governor *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend

Digitized by Google

Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Governor *and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree. —
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
—This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

Digitized by Google

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
—But always resolute in most extremes.
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. —
[*Exit* FASTOLFE.
—And now, [my] Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle, Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more, but plain and bluntly, — "To the King!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
—Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? [*Reads.*] "*I have upon especial cause, —*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon, —
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France."
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What, doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot, there, shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse. —
How say you, my lord? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am — prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto-him straight.
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too.
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble Prince!
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak. —
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

Digitized by Google

About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord, what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise! —
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King and us?

Digitized by Google

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his Highness: — good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause. —
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Putting on a red rose.*

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:

Digitized by Google

And, therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love. —
Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France: —
And good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* King HENRY, GLO., SOM., WIN., SUF., *and* BASSET.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no harm.

—*York.* An if I wist he did, — But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,

Digitized by Google

This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his* Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the French General, *and others.*

English John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would. — Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
—If you forsake the offer of our love.

General. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:

Digitized by Google

If thou retire, the Dolphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off*
Hark! hark! the Dolphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c.*, *from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale!
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,

Digitized by Google

And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, *with* Forces; *to him a* Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dolphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dolphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

—— *Enter* Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.

Digitized by Google

To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset — who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets — were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
—All 'long of this vile traitor, Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father.
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. —
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. —
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
—'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit* YORK, *with his* Forces.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,

Digitized by Google

That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his* Army; *an* Officer *of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Officer. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,

Digitized by Google

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied Horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent and had the Horse.
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot!
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene V.

The English Camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *and* John *his* Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot, I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, — O, malignant and ill-boding stars! —
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
— A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not; begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast,
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear,
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

Digitized by Google

There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to Heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son *is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? — pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dolphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:" —
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,

Digitized by Google

Art thou not weary, John? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight; it is no boot:
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life — mine own is gone:
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John? —
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee. —
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there di'd
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the body of* JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antic, Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality. —
O, thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!

Digitized by Google

Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe. —
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,
Had Death been French, then Death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Alarums. *Exeunt* Soldiers *and* Servant, *leaving the two bodies.* *Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, La Pucelle, *and* Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging — wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:"
But with a proud, majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Digitized by Google

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French Herald *preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dolphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.
Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece;
Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this. —
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,

Digitized by Google

That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vein:
All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

KING HENRY.

HAVE you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this: —
They humbly sue unto your excellence,

Digitized by Google

To have a goodly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, *and two* Ambassadors, *with* WINCHESTER *as a cardinal.*

Exe. What, is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

K. Hen. My Lords Ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.

Digitized by Google

Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my Lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord, your master,
I have inform'd his Highness so at large,
As — liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower —
He doth intend she shall be England's Queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection. —
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* King HENRY *and Train;* GLOSTER, EXETER, *and* Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my Lord Legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, La Pucelle, *and* Forces, *marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene III.

The Same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
—Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
—Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long.
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*

Digitized by Google

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And Hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French *and* English, *fighting;* La Pucelle *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* La Pucelle *is taken. The* French *fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the Devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man:
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in* Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O, fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:

Digitized by Google

—I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand.*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Margaret. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
—Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De-la-Poole! disable not thyself;
—Hast not a tongue? is she not here [thy prisoner?]
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
—Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses crouch.
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.
Suf. [*Aside.*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Digitized by Google

Suf. [*Aside.*] She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?
Suf. [*Aside.*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. [*Aside.*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. [*Aside.*] And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. [*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
—Why, for my King: tush! that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. [*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that, too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, Captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. [*Aside.*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. [*Aside.*] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. [*Aside.*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Digitized by Google

Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. [*Aside.*] Tush! women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's Queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
—If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, Madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth!
And, Madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[Troops *come forward.*

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

Digitized by Google

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Digitized by Google

Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet Madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, Madam, I must trouble you again, —
No loving token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! — But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of YORK, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, *guarded; and a* Shepherd.

Shepherd. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought every country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out! — My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bach'lorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! — You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,

Digitized by Google

The morn that I was wedded to her mother. —
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl. —
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her: hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings:
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, — that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, —
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
— No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of Heaven.

York. Ay, ay. — Away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:

Digitized by Google

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts? —
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege. —
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murther not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now, Heaven forefend! the Holy Maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought.
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dolphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to: we will have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O, give me leave; I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man: that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure. —
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence; — with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;

Digitized by Google

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of Hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Cardinal. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of commission from the King.
For know, my lords, the States of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dolphin and his train
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered? —
O Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, Bastard, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

Digitized by Google

We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
—The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—
That, — in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, —
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful King:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,

Digitized by Google

And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And, therefore, take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall; only reserv'd you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England. —

[CHARLES *and his* Nobles *give tokens of fealty.*

So; now dismiss your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble Earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Digitized by Google

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwrack or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Marg'ret may be England's Royal Queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my Lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?

Digitized by Google

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
[It] most of all these reasons bindeth us
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:

Digitized by Google

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit
(More than in women commonly is seen)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France:
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. —
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

Digitized by Google

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be Queen and rule the King;
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

NOTES ON THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 151. "*Dead March. Enter the Funeral,*" &c.: — This is the stage direction of the original copy; and it remained unaltered until Malone, regardless of the direction for a Dead March, which he yet retained, gave the direction, "*The corpse* of King Henry the Fifth *is discovered lying in state,*" &c. From 1790 to the present time this has been adopted without question, and with the remark on Mr. Collier's part that "in our old stage there seems to have been no discovery, as it is now termed, of persons or objects on the stage. The curtain at that time did not rise, but was drawn apart, and the characters and accompaniments *entered.*" Even if this be literally true, it does not affect the point that *Henry V.'s* funeral procession is directed in the original to enter Westminster Abbey to the sound of a dead march.

p. 153. "When at their mother's *moisten'd* eyes": — The second folio relieves the line of the redundant syllable by reading "*moist* eyes." But if we attempt to mend the rhythm of this play we shall undertake an endless, a thankless, and an unjustifiable task.

" "—— a *nourish* of salt tears": — So the folio; and very intelligibly and appropriately, in regard to the previous line; 'nourish' and 'nourrice' having been used in Shakespeare's time for 'nurse.' Pope plausibly read "a *marish,*" &c.

" "Than Julius Cæsar or bright — ": — The folio has four hyphens in place of the dash. Pope proposed to read

Digitized by Google

"bright *Francis Drake*," Dr. Johnson, "bright *Berenice*," Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "bright *Cassiope*."

p. 154. "*A third thinks*," &c.: — The second folio has, "A third *man* thinks," for the sake of the measure. But see the second Note on this Scene.

" "—— would call forth *their* flowing tides": — The folio, "*her* flowing tides." The misprint was easy; the correction, imperatively demanded: it was made by Theobald.

p. 155. "Having *full scarce* six thousand": — The words "full scarce" are thought to be transposed by some editors, who read, "*scarce full* six thousand." But this is both unwarrantable and needless; such a use of language was common in Elizabethan literature, and the idiom needs neither explanation nor defence except to the most literal apprehension.

" "—— enrag'd he *flew*": — The folio, "he flew," which is hardly a misprint. It was corrected by Rowe; and yet some editors have restored 'flew.'

" "*If* Sir John *Fastolfe*," &c.: — Misprinted in the original, by a very natural mistake, "Sir John *Falstaff*." This Sir John Fastolfe was a lieutenant general, Deputy Regent to the Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a Knight of the Garter. Hall and Holinshed say that he was degraded for cowardice; and Heylin (Carlyle's "lying Peter") says that, upon good reason alleged in his defence, he was restored to his honor.

" "He being in the *vaward* (*plac'd behind*," &c.: — i. e., he being in the reserve of the van. Much needless comment and conjecture has been expended upon the passage; of which the conjecture 'rearward' for 'vaward,' found also in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, is alone worth notice.

p. 157. "—— I intend to *steal*": — The folio has, "to *send*." But the Bishop could not *send* the King from Eltham, because he had no power over him; he was "Jack Out-of-office," and there seems to be no doubt that we should accept the reading 'steal,' suggested by Mason and found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, which is consistent with the facts, conforms to the Articles of Accusation against the Bishop, preserves the rhyme with which most of the Scenes in this play end, and avoids the disagreeable unison of *intend* and *send*.

Scene II.

" "*Mars his true moving*," &c.: — The irregularities of the motion of Mars on account of his great eccentricity

Digitized by Google

of orbit were an inexplicable puzzle, till Kepler had fitted the ellipse of ancient geometry to the solar system of the Great Geometer, and had thereby reconciled the works of God to the divine image in the human intellect. Kepler's work upon the motions of Mars was published in 1609; and his still greater discovery of the harmony of the celestial motions was not made till 1618. I am indebted for this information touching a science of which I am utterly ignorant to one of its greatest masters — my friend Benjamin Peirce, F. R. S., Professor of Mathematics at Harvard University.

p. 157. "*Otherwhiles* the famish'd English": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*The whiles*," &c., which helps the metre. But see the second Note on Scene I.

p. 158. "—— *Olivers and Rowlands bred*": — The folio has "*breed*," which Rowe corrected. Oliver and Rowland were two of Charlemagne's twelve paladins, of whose prowess the old romancers told marvellous tales.

" "—— enforce them *to* be more eager": — Steevens and Mr. Collier's folio corrector omit 'to' as superfluous for the sense and redundant for the rhythm.

" "—— some odd *gimmals*": — See the Note on "the gimmal bit," *Henry V.*, Act IV. Sc. 2. Here the word is used in the sense of machinery.

p. 159. "—— your *cheer* appall'd": — i. e., your countenance. See Notes on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 112.

" "—— *the nine Sibyls of old Rome*": — There was but one sibyl of old Rome; but she had nine oracular books; and in the popular belief of Shakespeare's day there had come to be nine sibyls as well as nine books.

p. 160. "—— *five* flower-de-luces": — The folio has, "*fine* flower de luces," the *u*, used for *v*, having been accidentally turned. Holinshed says that "*five* flower-de-luces were graven on both sides" of Joan's sword.

p. 161. "—— I burn *with thy desire*": — i. e., of course, with desire of thee; thy = of thee.

p. 162. "—— *Saint Martin's Summer*": — i. e., expect Summer in Autumn. St. Martin's day falls on the 11th of November.

Scene III.

p. 163. "—— there is *conveyance*": — "Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase. Convey the wise it call." *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 3.

Digitized by Google

p. 164. "—— express *commandement*": — See the Notes on *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 7, p. 371.

" "—— *Servants in tawny coats*": — Tawny coats seem to have been generally worn by the attendants of a Bishop, or a Bishop's Court.

" "—— ambitious *Humphrey*": — The folio has "ambitious *Vmpheire*," a misprint hardly worth notice.

" "*Pill'd priest*": — 'Pilled,' 'pieled,' and 'peeled' are different forms of the same word. The allusion is to the tonsure of *Winchester*.

" "—— *indulgences to sin*": — Southwark was the great hive of London harlots, who were under the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Winchester, and whose lives and habits were, in a measure at least, regulated by rules laid down by their Right Reverend patrons. See a rather unquotable passage cited from an office book of this bishopric by Upton in his *Critical Observations*, &c., 1748, p. 150.

" "Ill *canvass thee*": — i. e., 'Ill sift thee,' as flour is bolted or sifted through coarse canvass. So, "Satan hath desired you that he may sift you as wheat."

" "—— *be thou cursed Cain*": — There was an old belief that Damascus was founded on the spot where Cain killed Abel. This was stated as a fact by Mandeville, in his *Travels*, written about 1360: "And in that place where Damascus was founded Kayn sloughe Abel his brother." The belief, all unfounded as it is, has a strange congruity with the remote antiquity of the place to which it refers; for Damascus was a city in Abraham's time, and his confidential servant and steward was a Damascene. See *Genesis* xv. 2.

p. 165. "*Blue coats*," &c.: — The dress of serving men and retainers, from a long period before Shakespeare wrote and some time after, was of a blue color.

" "*Winchester goose*": — The disease sometimes taken within the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Winchester was called a Winchester goose. See the Note, just before, on "indulgences to sin."

" "—— *Mayor of London*": — This Lord Mayor was Sir John Coventry, a rich mercer, or, as we should say, dry goods retailer, who was ancestor of the Earls of Coventry of the present line. See Heylin's *Help to English History*, the *Historic Peerage of England*, and Pennant's *London*, &c.

" "*Here's Gloster, a foe*," &c.: — The second folio, which has, "Here's Gloster *too*," &c., is usually followed; but

Digitized by Google

perhaps Gloster should be read Gloucester; and see the second Note on Scene I.

p. 166. "—— as loud as e'er thou *canst*": — The folio, "as e're thou canst, *cry*:" but, as Mr. Dyce remarks, the semicolon after cry shows it to be a stage direction; and this indication is confirmed by the absence of any prefix or declaration to the proclamation.

" "—— to thy [*dear*] cost": — The second folio supplies 'dear.'

" "For I intend *to have it*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "to have it *off*," &c.

Scene IV.

p. 167. "*Wont*, through a secret grate": — The folio has "*Went*," &c. The correction, made by Tyrwhitt, is clearly required. 'Wont' was commonly used for 'are accustomed,' without any auxiliary.

" "*And even these three days*," &c.: — This passage is doubtless corrupted, but in a manner which forbids an attempt at conjectural restoration, which, also, is not imperatively demanded. The second folio prints the lines

"And *fully* even these three dayes have I watcht
If I could see them. Now *Boy* doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer."

p. 168. "The *Duke* of Bedford had," &c.: — The folio calls him by the merest carelessness, "The *Earle*," &c.

" "—— so *vile*-esteem'd": — The folio, "so *pil'd* esteem'd" — a misprint which might easily result from the old spelling of 'vile,' *vild*, and which Monck Mason corrected.

" "—— the treacherous *Fastolfe*": — Again this name is misprinted *Falstaff* in the folio.

p. 169. "*Enter Boy*," &c.: — The old stage direction here is "*Enter Boy with a Linstock*." The Scene is written to be represented in the bare simplicity of our early stage, when "four or five most vile and ragged foils, right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous," sufficed to "disfigure or present" the field of Agincourt. The walls of Orleans and the tower which the besieged had raised against it were both supposed to be upon the stage, which could not have been more than seven or eight yards across. Afterward, for the direction, *Shot from the Town*, the folio has, "*Here they shoot*."

" "Or with light skirmishes *enfeebled*": — Here 'en-

Digitized by Google

feebled' is a quadrisyllable. Participles of verbs ending in *le* were commonly used thus by poets.

p. 170. "*Plantagenet*, I will; and like thee [*Nero.*]": — Mr. Singer correctly remarks that Salisbury's name was no Plantagenet, but Montacute. The old copies omit 'Nero,' which is clearly required by both the sense and the measure. The second folio reads, "and *Nero-like will*;" Steevens, "and *Nero like*." But the mere addition of the omitted word affords the simplest and most satisfactory restoration of the text.

" "Pucelle or *puzell*, *Dolphin* or dogfish": — In Shakespeare's time 'puzell' appears to have been used sometimes to mean, a dirty drab; and Minsheu derives it from the Italian *puzza* = an ill odor. But yet it is plainly but a corrupted form of *pucelle*, and was used, at least as late as Shakespeare's youth, merely to mean a virgin. Shakespeare himself had probably read this passage in Holinshed: "It hapned that he fell in loue with a young damosell his owne physicians daughter (a puzell very beautiful) and he in hope to enjoy her the easilier," &c. Vol. III. p. 545. The "young damosell" in question was chaste. 'Dolphin,' it need hardly be remarked, is a quibble upon the title of the heir apparent to the throne of France, which is entirely lost unless the English form and the old French pronunciation of the word are preserved.

SCENE V.

p. 171. "*Blood will I draw on thee*," &c.: — An allusion to the old belief, that if blood were drawn from a witch her supernatural power ceased.

" "—— thy *hunger-starved* men": — The folio has "*hungry*-starved." The misprint is an easy one; the hyphen favors the supposition that a compound epithet was intended; and 'starve' was applied to other modes of suffering by deprivation than hunger; so that there is no tautology involved in the slight emendation.

p. 172. "—— half so *timorous*": — The folio, with utter inconsistency, has, "half so *treacherous*." The correction was made by Pope.

SCENE VI.

" "—— from the *English*": — In this line 'English' has the quantity of a trisyllable; so also 'creature' in the line but one below. The second folio has, "English *wolves*," and "*bright* Astræa's daughter," to supply the supposed deficiencies in these two verses.

Digitized by Google

p. 172. "—— *like Adonis' gardens that one day bloom'd*": — No mention of any such gardens in the classic writings of Greece or Rome is known to scholars, as the learned Bentley first remarked. The κῆποι Ἀδωνιδος, or gardens of Adonis, were mere pots of earth planted with a little fennel and lettuce, which were borne by women on the feast of Adonis in memory of the lettuce bed in which he was laid by Venus. And yet Milton — no less a scholar than a poet — calls Eden, "Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd, or of reviv'd Adonis, or," &c. *Par. Lost*, ix. 440.

p. 173. "*Than Rhodope's*": — The story is, that Rhodope, born a slave, was a courtezan famous for her beauty and her fascinations, which she sold at such profitable rates, that, according to Pliny, she built the most beautiful, though the smallest, of the pyramids. The brother of Sappho purchased her freedom, and ruined himself for her; and she finally married Psammetichus, King of Egypt. But the tale is not at all reliable. It was probably in emulation of Rhodope that Phryne, hardly less celebrated in the same profession, offered to rebuild the walls of Thebes. Here Mr. Dyce very plausibly reads, "than Rhodope's *of* Memphis."

" "—— *the rich-jewelled coffer of Darius*": — Plutarch and Pliny mention a richly jewelled casket, full of precious ointments, belonging to Darius, which Alexander took among the spoils of Gaza in Syria.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 175. "*The French leap over the walls*," &c.: — This is the old stage direction. The incident is historical. 'Ready' meant dressed, or in order, as might be shown by numberless instances; and to this day our servants speak of 'ready-ing' themselves, and 'read-ing up' a room.

p. 177. "—— and lay new *platforms*," &c.: — 'Platform' meant plot, plan, or scheme of action; a signification which Philadelphia and Cincinnati bear witness that it has not yet lost on this side of the Atlantic.

" "—— *a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly*," &c.: — This old stage direction, and the subsequent allusion (Sc. III.) to French mothers stilling their babes by Talbot's name, are supported by old tradition recorded by the chroniclers.

Digitized by Google

SCENE III.

p. 181. "—— a riddling *merchant*," &c.: — 'Merchant' was sometimes used of old in the derogatory sense now attached to 'huckster.'

" "*That will I shew you presently*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, for the sake of the metre, "That will I shew you, *lady*, presently."

SCENE IV.

p. 182. "*Enter . . . a Lawyer*": — "This lawyer," says Ritson, "was probably Roger Nevyle, who was afterwards hanged."

" "*Or else*," &c.: — i. e., or in other words, &c.

p. 185. "—— and thy *faction*": — The folio has, "thy *fashion*" — an almost obvious misprint for "thy *faction*," to which it was changed by Theobald and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*His grandfather*," &c.: — This Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, was great, great, grandson to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son to Edward III.

p. 186. "Shall be *wip'd* out": — The folio misprints, "*whip't* out;" which was corrected in the second folio.

SCENE V.

p. 187. "*Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair*," &c.: — This Mortimer, Earl of March, did not die in the Tower in London, but in freedom in Ireland. The author of this play, however, looked only to the Chronicles; and in both Hall and Holinshed he found this passage: "Edmonde Mortimer, the last erle of Marche of that name (which long tyme had bene restrayned from hys liberty and finally waxed lame) disceased without issue," &c.

" "—— as drawing to their *exigent*": — i. e., to their being put out. "*Exigo, ab ex et ago compositum*, to expelle, or shut out; to drive away; to put out." *Cooper's Thesaurus*, 1573.

p. 189. "(Young *King* Richard," &c.: — 'King,' omitted from the first folio, is supplied in the second; and yet the addition, however grateful to the ear, is hardly warranted.

p. 190. "Or make my *ill*": — The folio has, "my *will*" — a misprint corrected by Theobald and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

Digitized by Google

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 191. "*The Parliament House*": — This parliament, as Malone remarked, was held not at London, but at Leicester.

"*Thy lewd*," &c.: — See the Note on "with this lewd fellow," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 340.

p. 192. "Thou *bastard*," &c.: — Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt by Katherine Swyneford, afterward his wife.

" "*Roam* thither then": — From this it would seem that 'Rome' and 'roam' were pronounced alike, and that 'room' had another sound than we give it now. See "room with Rome to curse," *King John*, Act III. Sc. 1, and "Rome indeed and room enough," *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 194. "—— the very *parings of our nails* shall *pitch a field*": — See the following lines, Act I. Sc. 1: —

> "He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
> Instead whereof to sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges,
> They pitched in the ground confusedly,
> To keep the horsemen off from breaking in."

p. 197. "*And Henry born at Windsor lose all*": — The second folio has "*should* lose all;" but at the time when this play was probably written, 'Windsor' seems to have been pronounced *Wind-e-sor*. And were this not so, see the second Note on Act I. Sc. 1.

SCENE II.

p. 198. "—— *and soldiers dressed like countrymen*": — The old stage direction is, "*and four soldiers;*" for when this play was produced there were no supernumeraries.

" "—— *and her practisants*": — 'Practice' was used to mean practice by treacherous arts especially. So "would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use." *Henry V.*, Act II. Sc. 2.

" "*Where* is the best," &c.: — The folio, "*Here* is," &c. — an obvious misprint corrected by Rowe.

p. 200. "—— and hag of *all* despite": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "and hag of *Hell's* despite."

p. 201. "—— that stout *Pendragon*," &c.: — Uther Pendragon was King Arthur's father. It was Aurelius, the brother of Pendragon, who, as we read in Holinshed, caused him-

Digitized by Google

self to be carried forth in a litter, and by his presence so encouraged the Britons that they were victorious over the Saxons.

p. 202. "*Let* Heavens," &c.: — The folio has, "*Yet* Heavens" — a plain misprint, the correction of which was, nevertheless, left for Mr. Dyce to make.

" "Warlike and *martial* Talbot": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "Warlike and *matchless* Talbot," correcting a tautology not uncommon in Shakespeare's time, and especially characteristic of this play, which, it should be remembered, has no claim to be corrected by the Shakespearian standard.

" "—— his *gleeks*": — See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 1.

" "—— all *a-mort*": — See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

p. 203. "—— with his nobles *lie*": — So the first and second folios, 'with' having the force of a conjunction.

Scene III.

p. 205. "—— on her *lovely* babe": — The folio has, "her *lowly* babe" — a very easy and almost obvious misprint, corrected by Warburton, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. In no sense is 'lowly' admissible.

Scene IV.

p. 208. "*That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death*": — It was a capital offence to draw a sword within the precincts of a royal palace. The reader will remember the arrest and imprisonment of *Nigel Olifaunt* for drawing on *Lord Dalgarno* within the precincts of Whitehall.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 209. "—— at the *battle of Patay*": — The folio reads "Poictiers;" which error was left for Steevens to correct, according to the account of Holmshed that the action took place "neere unto a village in Beausse called Pataie. From this battel departed without any stroke striken Sir John Fastolfe the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the Duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of the St. George and his garter."

Digitized by Google

p. 210. "—— in *most* extremes": — i. e., in greatest extremes; according to a usage which had become somewhat obsolete when Mr. Collier's folio corrector read, "in *worst* extremes."

" "And now [*my*] Lord Protector": — The folio omits 'my,' which is supplied in the second. The constant appearance of the possessive pronoun, in like situations in the authentic edition, warrants the restoration.

" "*Pretend* some alteration": — 'Pretend' may mean, hold out, offer — and so must stand; but it is probably an easy misprint for 'portend,' to which it was changed by Rowe, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Mr. Dyce suggests that, "'pretend' may be used here as an equivalent to 'portend;' the original author of this play having found the word not unfrequently so employed by earlier writers."

p. 211. "—— but that I am *prevented*": — We have here a fine exemplification of the manner in which this word has changed its meaning. Talbot does not mean to say that he is stopped, but that the King had been beforehand with him; by so doing, however, he had also, in the modern sense of the word, prevented him.

p. 214. "An if I *wist* he did": — i. e., it is hardly necessary to remark, An if I knew he did. The folio has, "And if I *wish* he did" — a slight and obvious misprint, yet left to be corrected by Steevens.

Scene II.

p. 215. "—— the offer of *our* love": — The folio has, "the offer of *their* love." But this means, the love of famine, steel, and fire; and even if we look beyond those words, there are, in the whole sentence, no other antecedents to 'their.' There can be no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which is Hanmer's.

p. 216. "—— '*due* thee withal": — 'Due' is put by elision for 'endue.' In the folio it is spelled *dew*.

" "Not *rascal*-like," &c.: — A lean deer was called a rascal.

Scene III.

p. 217. "And I am *lowted*," &c.: — Whether this mean, as Malone suggested, I am treated like a lowt, i. e., with contempt, or I am forced to submit, (lowt = bow,) the appropriateness of the word seems somewhat doubtful. I suspect a corruption.

Digitized by Google

p. 217. "*Enter Sir William Lucy*":—He is simply called "*another* Messenger" in the old stage direction.

p. 218. "*All 'long of*," &c.:—See Note on "'tis 'long of you," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 452. It appears again a few lines below, "'Long all," &c.

SCENE IV.

p. 219. "—— from his weak *legions*":—The folio has, "weak *regions*"—an obvious misprint, corrected by Rowe.

p. 220. "*Charles, Burgundy*":—The second folio has, "Charles *and* Burgundy." But here, Charles has the quantity, if not the pronunciation, of a dissyllable. See Walker on *Shakespeare's Versification*, p. 15.

" "—— his levied *Horse*":—The folio, "his levied *hoste*." But see, in *Somerset's* reply, "he might have sent and had the horse," and in *York's* complaint, (Sc. 3,) "my promised supply of horsemen." Hanmer made the necessary correction.

SCENE V.

p. 221. "—— and *unavoided* danger":—'Unavoided' is, in like manner, used for 'unavoidable,' in *Richard II.*: "unavoided is the danger now." Act II. Sc. 1.

SCENE VII.

p. 225. "—— the *lither sky*":—'Lither' is lithe, or, rather, its comparative used positively; and the lither sky is the yielding sky or air.

p. 226. "—— raging *wood*":—Raging mad.

p. 227. "Great Earl of *Washford*":—'Washford' is an old corruption of 'Wexford.' Malone discovered that this long list of Talbot's titles is from an epitaph on his tomb in Rouen; and as it occurs in none of the Chronicles, and in no known book of an earlier date than 1599, there is an interesting question as to whence the author of this play derived it.

" "Great *Marshal*," &c.:—In this line, 'marshal' and 'Henry' have the quantity of trisyllables. In Shakespeare's early years, they were written and fully pronounced as such.

p. 228. "—— let him have *'em*":—The old copies have, "have *him*," which Theobald needfully corrected. The

Digitized by Google

same mistake, made in the first folio, six lines below, was corrected in the same manner in the second folio.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

p. 228. In the folio, this Act is mistakenly headed "*Scena Secunda.*"

p. 229. "That such *immanity*":—'Immanity' is from *immanitas* = barbarity, cruelty.

" "—— near *kin* to Charles": — The folio has, "near *knit*," &c. — an easy typographical error, made easier by the occurrence of 'knit' immediately above. Pope made the correction, which was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

SCENE III.

p. 232. "—— spells and *periapts*":—A periapt (from περιάπτειν = to hang about) is a charm or medicine of any kind hung about the neck or on any part of the body.

" "—— that are *cull'd* out of the powerful *regions*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "that are *call'd*," and Warburton read, "powerful *legions*." Both changes are plausible, and the typographical errors, on the supposition of which they are made, are not at all improbable. But the spirits were "choice [i. e., culled] spirits," as we see, a few lines above, and "powerful regions" needs neither defence nor explanation.

p. 233. "*La Pucelle and York fight*," &c.: — The old copies mistakenly have, "*Burgundy and York fight*," &c. *Burgundy* is not on the stage. They also neglect to direct the capture of *Joan*.

p. 234. "*I kiss these fingers . . . And lay them gently*," &c.: — Capell, and after him Malone and other editors, transpose these lines, making "them" refer to "reverent hands," in the line above: thus supposing *Suffolk* to handle *Margaret* before the audience, instead of kissing *her* hand and laying it gently back. But they may be right.

" "—— *prisoners* underneath *her* wings": — The folio has, "*prisoner*" and "*his* wings." The last error was corrected in the folio of 1632; the first, in that of 1664.

" "—— is she not here [*thy prisoner*]?" — The words

Digitized by Google

'thy prisoner,' which, or their equivalent, are absolutely necessary to the sense, first appear in the second folio.

p. 234. "—— and makes the senses *crouch*":—The folio has, "makes the senses *rough*," which is absolute nonsense. The correction, which Hanmer silently made, suits the context, and conforms very nearly to the misprinted word. It must also be noted that 'senses,' used in the plural form by us only to mean the five senses, meant, in Shakespeare's day, the intellectual faculties, (though we still say, 'out of his senses,')—and that it is more than probable that both 'such' and 'crouch' had of old the vowel sound which we now give to *oo*. No other proposed emendation is worthy of attention.

p. 235. "—— that's a *wooden thing*":—Steevens was perhaps excusable for remarking that here 'wooden thing' means awkward business.

p. 236. "—— *to be my* ——":—Steevens conjectured that the last two words were interpolated, and that the Duke's incomplete speech was stayed at 'to'; and, for a wonder, a reading suggested by him adds not only smoothness to the rhythm, but delicacy to the sense of a passage.

p. 237. "—— the *county* Maine and Anjou":—The folio has, "the *country* Maine," &c.; and, considering the use of 'country' in Shakespeare's time, may possibly give the author's word.

p. 238. "—— and *modestly* directed":—The folio has "*modestie*," which was corrected in the second folio.

" "*And* natural graces":—The folio has, "*Mad* natural graces," which is plainly corrupt. The correction is Monck Mason's. Mr. Collier suggested "*Mid* natural graces."

Scene IV.

p. 239. "Decrepit *miser*":—The radical signification of the word. A miser came to be so called because he is miserable.

" "—— so *obstacle*":—A clownish corruption of 'obstinate.'

p. 240. "No, *misconceived!*"—i. e., says Steevens, "No, ye misconceivers." Other editors read, "No; misconceived Joan," &c.

p. 243. "—— of my *prison'd* voice":—The folio has, "*poisoned* voice." The obviously required correction was made by Pope, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

Digitized by Google

SCENE V.

p. 246. "*Yes, my lord*": — The second folio reads, for the sake of the verse, "Yes my *good* lord."

" "[*It*] most of all," &c.: — The folio has merely, "Most of all," &c. Rowe made the addition. 'It' or 'that' seems necessary.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Digitized by Google

The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime unto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594. 4to. 32 leaves.

Reprinted twice in 1600 for the same bookseller, and about 1619 by T.[homas] P.[avier,] with the Second Part of the Contention, under the following title: "The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London for T. P." 4to. 64 leaves.

The Second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Humfrey, occupies twenty-seven pages in the folio of 1623, viz.: from p. 120 to p. 146 inclusive, in the division of Histories. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, but is without a list of Dramatis Personæ, which Rowe first supplied.

Digitized by Google

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS play first appeared under the title *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster;* and the question has been more than once asked, — How is it that if these three plays, by whomsoever written, were written with a designed interdependence, the second of the series was called *The* First *Part of the Contention*, &c.? The answer is not far to seek. The first of the series is devoted to the strange and stirring military incidents of the reign of Henry VI. It has nothing to do with the houses of York and Lancaster. In the period of its action their struggle had not yet begun; and it is but foreshadowed in the Scene in the Temple Garden (Act II. Sc. 4) and in one or two other passages of that play, which, it should be observed, show most the skilful touches of Shakespeare's hand. In the present play, the War of the Roses breaks out, and hence its original name. Shakespeare did not think it necessary to conform strictly to history, either as an original writer or a remodeller of this work. History affords no evidence, for instance, that York was the instigator of Cade's rebellion, although it happened opportunely for the purposes of the former. And, although Cade's party committed some outrages during their brief success, they seem not to have been the ignorant levellers that give this play so much of its zest and humor. Shakespeare, with justifiable dramatic art, transferred to them some of the traits as well as one of the acts of Wat Tyler and his followers. The period of the action is from 1445 to 1455.

Those parts of this play and the next which are taken bodily from the old plays on which they are founded are marked with brackets (]) in the margin; those which are modifications of the older version, with single quotation marks (') ; those which have no mark appeared originally in the folio of 1623.

Digitized by Google

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY the Sixth.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of* Gloster, *his Uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of* Winchester.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York.
EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his Sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
LORD CLIFFORD *and his* Son,
} *Of the* King's *party.*
EARL OF SALISBURY,
EARL OF WARWICK,
} *Of the York Faction.*
LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
LORD SAY.
Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his* Brother.
Sir JOHN STANLEY.
WALTER WHITMORE.
A Sea Captain, Master, *and* Master's Mate.
Two Gentlemen, *Prisoners with* Suffolk.
VAUX.
HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *Priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer.* *A* Spirit, *raised by him.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armorer.* PETER, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*
Two Murderers.
JACK CADE.
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, *the Weaver*, MICHAEL, *&c.*, Cade's *followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to* King Henry.
ELEANOR, *Duchess of* Gloster.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.* *Wife to* Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, *a* Beadle, Sheriff, *and* Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, *&c.*

SCENE: *in various parts of* England.

Digitized by Google

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH,

WITH THE DEATH OF THE GOOD DUKE HUMPHREY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke *of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* Cardinal BEAUFORT; *on the other,* Queen MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

SUFFOLK.

AS by your High Imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace,
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,

Digitized by Google

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

King Henry. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. — O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen Margaret. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
—With you mine alderlievest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wond'ring fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Digitized by Google

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Gloster. [Reads.] "*Imprimis: It is agreed between the French King Charles, and William de la Poole, Marquess of Suffolk, Ambassador for Henry, King of England, — that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier, King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. —— Item, — That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father*" —

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Winchester. "*Item, — It is farther agreed between them, — that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the King her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*"

K. Hen. They please us well. — Lord Marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. — Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being Regent
I' th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. — Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.

Digitized by Google

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In Winter's cold and Summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
—And had his Highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league:
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Cardinal. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

Digitized by Google

This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
Salisbury. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
Warwick. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!
York. For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before —
Car. My Lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Digitized by Google

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind:
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings. —
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.]
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice —
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With — "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"]
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.
Buckingham. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself? —
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.]
Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

Somerset. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal.]
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Glcster be displac'd, he'll be Protector.
Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be Protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey, or the Cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.
Sal. Pride went befcre, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' th' church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal. —
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
—Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey: —
—And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people. —
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
—While they do tend the profit of the land.

Digitized by Google

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost: the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
—'Tis mine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
—Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
—As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Digitized by Google

Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevil's parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought Queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER'S House.

—*Enter* GLOSTER *and the* Duchess.

Duchess. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

Digitized by Google

Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to Heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell! sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
—My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in Court,
Was broke in twain: by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

Digitized by Google

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
—And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.
Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
—Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.
Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.
Glo. I go. — Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?
Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Messenger.
Follow I must: I cannot go before
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

Digitized by Google

And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
—Where are you there, Sir John? Nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? Majesty! I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God and Hume's advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, — to shew your Highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.
When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit* Duchess.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Duchess' gold,
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Digitized by Google

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the Duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the Duchess' wrack,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER *and others, with petitions.*

1 *Petitioner.* My masters, let's stand close: my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and —then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and* Queen MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! would'st any thing with me?

Digitized by Google

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my Lord Protector.

— Q. Mar. "*To my Lord Protector!*" Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife, too! that is some wrong, indeed. — What's yours? — What's here? [*Reads.*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford." — How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown?

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

— *Pet.* That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.] — Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. — We'll hear more of your matter before the King. [*Exeunt* Servants *with* PETER.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's Grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the petition.*
Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt* Petitioners.

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the Court of England?

Digitized by Google

Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion;
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are the Prophets and Apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the College of the Cardinals
Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your Highness came to England, so will I
In England work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty Protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife:

Digitized by Google

She sweeps it through the Court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
—Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest; and, Madam, list to me
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; Duke *and* Duchess *of* GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
—Then let him be denay'd the Regentship.

Digitized by Google

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! — and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Q. Mar. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no women's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm,
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King, (as who is King but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack:
The Dolphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The Commons hast thou rack'd; the Clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* Queen *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion, can you not?
[*Giving the* Duchess *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
—I'd set my ten commandments in your face.]
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will! Good King, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most masters wear no breeches,
—She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.]
[*Exit* Duchess.
Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
—She's tickled now; her fury needs no spurs,
—She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But to the matter that we have in hand. —

Digitized by Google

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your Regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dolphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants *of* SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HORNER *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these:—That Richard, Duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your Majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Horner. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Digitized by Google

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding up his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech. —
I do beseech your Royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be Regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

— *Som.* I humbly thank your Royal Majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month. —
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.

The Same. The Duke of GLOSTER's Garden.

—*Enter* MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters: the Duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Bolingbroke. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage,

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: —John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess *above, followed by* HUME.

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. —To this gear; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

—Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle;* BOLINGBROKE, *or*

Digitized by Google

SOUTHWELL, *reads*, Conjuro te, *&c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the* Spirit *riseth.*

Spirit. *Adsum.*

Margery Jourdain. Asmath!
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. — That I had said and done!

Boling. "*First, of the King: what shall of him become?*" [*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the* Spirit *speaks*, SOUTHWELL *writes the answer.*

Boling. "*What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?*"

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. "*What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?*"

Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
—False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their* Guards.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch. —
What, Madam, are you there? the King and common-weal

Digitized by Google

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'st where is no cause.
Buck. True, Madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. — You, Madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee. —
[*Exit* Duchess *from above.*
—We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
All, away!
[*Exeunt* Guards, *with* SOUTH., BOLING., *&c.*
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the Devil's writ.
What have we here?
[*Reads.*] "*The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;*
But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just
—*Aio, te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
—"*Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?* —
By water shall he die, and take his end." —
"*What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?* —
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The King is now in progress towards Saint Albans;

Digitized by Google

With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord. — Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. — Away!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *hollaing*.

QUEEN MARGARET.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.
K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest.
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,

Digitized by Google

My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my Lord Cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could fly to Heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!
Car. Thy Heaven is on Earth; thine eyes and thoughts
—Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with King and Commonweal!
Glo. What, Cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
—With such holiness can you do it.
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly Lord-protectorship.
Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good Queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on Earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my sword.
Glo. [*Aside to the* Cardinal.] 'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!
Car. [*Aside.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Digitized by Google

Glo. [*Aside.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. [*Aside.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep; an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.
K. Hen. How now, my lords!
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. — [*Aside to* GLO.] Come with thy two-hand sword.
—*Glo.* True, uncle.
Car. [*Aside.*] Are you advis'd? — the east side of the grove.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Cardinal, I am with you.
K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. — [*Aside.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail.
Car. [Aside.] *Medice teipsum:*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.
K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One *of Saint Albans, crying,* "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One of St. A. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.
One of St. A. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Digitized by Google

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor *of* Saint Albans, *and his* Brethren; *and* SIMPCOX, *borne between two persons in a chair; his* Wife *and a great* Multitude *following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your Highness with the man.
K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the King:
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simpcox. Born blind, an't please your Grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Digitized by Google

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion: being call'd
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
—By good Saint Alban; who said, — "Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes: — wink now; — now open them. —
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Why, then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

—*Glo.* Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. — My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My Masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Digitized by Google

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter Attendant, *and a* Beadle *with a whip.*

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Beadle. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the* People *follow and cry,* "A Miracle!"

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market town
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
—A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,

Digitized by Google

The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your Highness' Privy Council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and Commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As like to pitch defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,

Digitized by Google

And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:—
—Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as King,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

Digitized by Google

Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;
Sent his poor Queen to France, from whence she came,
—And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murther'd traitorously.
War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth:
Thus got the House of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmund had issue, Roger, Earl of March:
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And but for Owen Glendower had been King,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
—Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, Earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
— *War.* What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,

Digitized by Google

The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's King!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your King
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke Humphrey.
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the King.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE III.

The Same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the* Duchess *of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death. —
You four from hence to prison back again;
[*To* JOURDAIN, *&c.*] From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows. —
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns. —
[*Exeunt the* Duchess *and the other* Prisoners *guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground! —

Digitized by Google

I beseech your Majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.
K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster. Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child. —
—God and King Henry govern England's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm.
Glo. My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff;
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine:
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good King: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit.*
Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen;
And Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrew'd a maim: two pulls at once, —
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
—This staff of honour raught: — there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
—Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
York. Lords, let him go. — Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely, therefore,
Left I the Court to see this quarrel tri'd.
K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

—*Enter, on one side, with a drum before him,* HORNER *and his* Neighbours, *drinking to him so much that he is drunk; he bears a staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; at the other side,* PETER, *with a drum and sand-bag, and* Prentices *drinking to him.*

1 *Neighbour.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Prentice.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Pet. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. — Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: — and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. — O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to

Digitized by Google

deal with my master; he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Pet. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen: and, therefore,—Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his* Master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God and the good wine in thy master's way.

Pet. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right.

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after Summer evermore succeeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet. —
Sirs, what's o'clock?
Servant. Ten, my lord.
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd Duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess *of* GLOSTER *in a white sheet, with verses written upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;* Sir JOHN STANLEY, *a* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.
Glo. No, stir not for your lives: let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st penance too. Look, how they gaze:
See how the giddy multitude do point,

Digitized by Google

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.
Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
—To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn Duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will;
For Suffolk, — he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee, and hates us all, —
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

Digitized by Google

But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry:
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Herald. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.
Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. — Well, I will be there.
[*Exit* Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave: — and, Master Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.
Sheriff. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays;
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
Stanley. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.
— *Glo.* Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Digitized by Google

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is — death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. —
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a Duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady:
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

Sher. It is my office; and, Madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd. —
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Abbey at Bury.

—*A sennet. Enter to the parliament*, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

KING HENRY.

I MUSE, my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,

Digitized by Google

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the Commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, — Buckingham, and York, —
Reprove my allegation if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace's tale.
The Duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Digitized by Google

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf,
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

Digitized by Google

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done.
York. Cold news for me; [*aside.*] for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
—*Glo.* Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being Protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

Digitized by Google

Be brought against me at my trial day!
No: many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murther, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his Highness' name;
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep until your farther time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
—That you will clear yourself from all suspects:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highness' land.

Digitized by Google

I know their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play,
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life. —
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
—My liefest liege to be mine enemy. —
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected, —
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed.
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day. —
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false. ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with* GLOSTER.
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.
Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the parliament?
K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery, —
For what's more miserable than discontent? —
Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

Digitized by Google

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do naught but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each groan,
Say — 'Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.' [*Exit.*
— *Q. Mar.* Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The King will labour still to save his life;
The Commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

Digitized by Google

York. So that by this you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death. —

But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were't not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the King's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: and were't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed?
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
—Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute except so much were done,
For things are often spoke and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue, —
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, —
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Digitized by Google

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.
Q. Mar. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
— It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
— *Car.* A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as Regent thither.
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the Regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
That bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay, then this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with. —

Digitized by Google

No more, good York; — sweet Somerset, be still: —
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all.
Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his Majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* YORK.
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art

Digitized by Google

Resign to death; it is not worth th' enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to Heaven or Hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,

Digitized by Google

Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the Commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Bury. A Room in the Palace.

— *Enter certain* Murderers, *hastily.*

1 *Murderer.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatched the Duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do! — What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

Digitized by Google

I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The King and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone! [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, *and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say we intend to try his Grace to-day
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noble man!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

Enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment! — I did dream to-night
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The* King *swoons.*

Digitized by Google

Q Mar. How fares my lord? — Help, lords! the King is dead.
Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! — O, Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again. — Madam, be patient.
K. Hen. O heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Hen. What! doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murtherous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding. —
Yet do not go away: — come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

Digitized by Google

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretch'd than he is.
What! dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous, too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statua and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this but well fore-warning wind
Did seem to say, — Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And He that loos'd them from their brazen caves,
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore

Digitized by Google

With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck —
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds —
And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it,
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
—To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The* Commons *press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murther'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,

Digitized by Google

And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis to true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. — Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *to the* Commons *at the door.*

K. Hen. O, thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed;* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;

Digitized by Google

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that gasp'd,
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look! on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murther'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the Duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murtherers.
War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes;

Digitized by Google

And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murther's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Som., *and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took unto her blameful bed

Digitized by Google

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murth'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to Hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Digitized by Google

Suf. The trait'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Murmurs of a crowd within. Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. [*Speaking to the* Commons *at the door.*] Sirs, stand apart: the King shall know your mind. — [*Coming forward.*

Dread lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey di'd;
They say in him they fear your Highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Digitized by Google

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Com. [*Within.*] An answer from the King, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care,
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say: if thou do'st plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable. —
If after three days' space thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life. —
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, *&c.*

Digitized by Google

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the Devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Q. Mar. Fie, coward, woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murthering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated Hell—
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,

Digitized by Google

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me: even now be gone. —
O, go not yet. — Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
—'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence:
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,

Digitized by Google

And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more. — Live thou to joy thy life;
— Myself to joy in naught but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?
Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the King.
[*Exit* VAUX.
Ah me, what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence: the King, thou know'st, is coming:
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;

Digitized by Google

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away, though parting be a fretful cor-
—rosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

— SCENE III.

London. Cardinal BEAUFORT'S Bed-chamber.

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others.* *The* Cardinal *in bed;* Attendants *with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Digitized by Google

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.
K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Di'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no? —
O, torture me no more! I will confess. —
Alive again? then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him;
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. —
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul. —
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Hen. O, thou Eternal mover of the Heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. —
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. —
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them,* SUFFOLK, *disguised; and other* Gentlemen, *prisoners.*

CAPTAIN.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And how loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore. —
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; —
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this; —
The other, [*pointing to* SUFFOLK.] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gentleman.* What is my ransom, Master? let me know.

Master. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

Digitized by Google

And bear the name and port of gentlemen? —
Cut both the villains' throats! — for die you shall:
—The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and, therefore, spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whitmore. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die;
[*To* SUFFOLK.
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

Suf. Look on my George: I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
—And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Digitized by Google

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke:
[Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?]
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth!
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And, therefore, shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side,
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.
[*Cap.* Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole?]
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Digitized by Google

Thy lips, that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of Hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
— With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
— As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the House of York — thrust from the crown,
By shameful murther of a guiltless king,
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny, —
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
— Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ — *Invitis nubibus*,
The Commons, here in Kent, are up in arms;
And to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our King,
And all by thee. — Away! — Convey him hence.

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain, here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more

Digitized by Google

—Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the Queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter! —

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

—Suf. *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus:* — it is thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of Heaven and to my King;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

—*Suf.* Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot. —
—Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murther'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUF., *with* WHIT. *and others.*

Digitized by Google

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first* Gentleman.

Enter WHITMORE *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the Queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE II.

Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

George. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the Commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more; the King's Council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, Labour in thy

Digitized by Google

vocation: which is as much to say as, Let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick, the butcher.

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith, the weaver.

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the* Butcher, SMITH *the* Weaver, *and a* Sawyer *with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. — For our enemies shall fall before us, — inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, — Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies, —

Dick. [*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Digitized by Google

Smith. [*Aside.*] But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside.*] 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside.*] But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' th' hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am King, (as King I will be) —

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: — there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent

Digitized by Google

lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. — How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk *of* Chatham.

Smith. The Clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not die. — Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters. — 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. — Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Digitized by Google

Enter MICHAEL.

Michael. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down! He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels.*] — Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his* Brother, *with drum and* Forces.

Stafford. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.
The King is merciful if you revolt.

William Stafford. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

— *Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
—And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: — Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Digitized by Google

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I: deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be King.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside.*] He lies, for I invented it myself. — Go to, sirrah: tell the King, from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the Dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England main'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this; can he

Digitized by Google

that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors. —
And you that be the King's friends follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS *and* Forces.

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me. —
Now shew yourselves men: 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
—Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The STAFFORDS *with the* King's Forces *and* CADE *with the* Rebels *enter, and fight, and both the* STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in

Digitized by Google

thine own slaughter-house: therefore, thus will I reward thee, — The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one, [a week.]

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; [*putting on* Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD'S *armour.*] and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels till I do come to London, where we will have the Mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *reading a supplication; the* Duke *of* BUCKINGHAM *and* Lord SAY *with him: at a distance,* Queen MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;

Digitized by Google

For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay; I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, Madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O, graceless men! they know not what they do.

Digitized by Google

—*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.
Q. Mar. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!
—*K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.
Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge:
The citizens fly and forsake their houses.
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal Court.
Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.
K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.
Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
K. Hen. Farewell, my lord: [*to* Lord SAY.] trust not the Kentish rebels.
—*Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene V.

The Same. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and others, walking on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Citizen.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your King, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The Same. Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade *and his* Followers. *He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Digitized by Google

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Soldier. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his* Company; *on the other, the* Citizens, *and the* King's Forces, *headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the* Citizens *are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to th' Inns of Court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [*Aside.*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Digitized by Google

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. [*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the* Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dolphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read,

Digitized by Google

thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the King, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the King:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murther me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof, —

Digitized by Google

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? — speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's

Digitized by Google

—house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen, if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some with* Lord SAY.
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there —shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Enter Rebels, *with the heads of* Lord SAY *and his* Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver? — Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. — Away! [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Scene VIII.

Southwark.

Alarum. *Enter* Cade, *and all his* Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames— [*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, *and* Old Clifford, *with* Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clifford. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you,
— Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say — God save his Majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have

Digitized by Google

given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse 'light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade: we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
—Crying— *Viliaco!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost.
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? the name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me; for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and Hell, have

Digitized by Google

through the very midst of you; and Heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go some and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the King, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. — [*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Killingworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, *and* Somerset, *on the terrace of the castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of Cade's Followers, *with halters about their necks.*

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,

Digitized by Google

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.
K. Hen. Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! —
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.
All. God save the King! God save the King!]

Enter a Messenger.

—*Mess.* Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And, with a puissant and a mighty power
—Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd,
Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
—Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him. —
—I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms!
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower; —
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Digitized by Google

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene X.

Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter Cade.

— *Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep — out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a — sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Digitized by Google

Enter IDEN *with* Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
—I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.

Digitized by Google

Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon:
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard. — Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou mayest be turn'd to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O, I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

Digitized by Google

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to Hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's camp on one side: on the other, enter YORK, *attended, with drum and colours; his* Forces, *with his sons* EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *at some distance.*

YORK.

FROM Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?]
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle naught but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Digitized by Google

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me?
The King hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou — being a subject as I am, —
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court.
York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the King,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong. —
[*To* BUCK.] Buckingham, I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Digitized by Google

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field;
You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his Highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your Highness.
K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—
O, let me view his visage being dead,

Digitized by Google

That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his King.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down: [*he kneels.*] rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the Queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? —
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not King;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

Digitized by Google

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.
Som. O, monstrous traitor! — I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.
York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask
— of these [*Pointing to his* Sons.
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
York. O, blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.
Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET *at one side; at the other, with* Forces, Old CLIFFORD *and his* Son.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the King. [*Kneels*

Digitized by Google

York. I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again;
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King, York: I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do.—
—To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.
Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edward. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Richard. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
—Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY *with* Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
—And manacle the be'r-'ard in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite because he was withheld;

Digitized by Google

— Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cri'd:
And such a piece of service will you do
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow? —
Old Salisbury, — shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! —
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the Earth? —
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned Duke;
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow

Digitized by Google

To do a murth'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast;
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the be'r-'ard that protects the bear.

Young Clifford. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in Heaven you'll surely sup in Hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland! 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st. —
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit* WARWICK.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Digitized by Google

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 'tis shewn ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it.
Clif. My soul and body on the action, both! —
York. A dreadful lay! — address thee instantly.
Clif. '*La fin couronne les œuvres.*'
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O War! thou son of Hell,
Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. — [*Seeing his* Father's *body.*] O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit Earth and Heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! — Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine

Digitized by Google

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the House of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's House;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting; fighting;* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the Heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,

Digitized by Google

To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,

Digitized by Google

Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any farther act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
B' th' mass, so did we all. — I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live,
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death. —
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth. —
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come. —
Sound, drums and trumpets! — and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

NOTES ON THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 269. "—— and *twenty* reverend bishops": — The quarto has, "and *then the* reverend bishops," which has hitherto been treated as a different reading, in spite of its want of meaning. It seems to have been merely the result of a mistake of the ear, 'twenty' sounding like '*then* the.'

p. 270. "—— mine *alderlievest* sovereign": — 'Alderlievest' (compounded of the superlative of the common word 'lieve,' and *aller* or *alder*, the genitive of 'all') means dearest of all. It is of rare occurrence even in books of Shakespeare's time, when, however, the use of 'lief' for 'dear' was common. The compounds 'alderfirst' and 'aldertruest' are also found in our early literature.

p. 271. "—— that the duchies of Anjou and Maine": — Just before, when *Gloster* reads the same document, we have "The duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine." Such variations in the reading of documents and the repetition of speeches are not uncommon in Shakespeare's works.

p. 272. "And *had* his Highness," &c.: — The folio gives, "And *hath* his highness," &c. — a slight and very common misprint in the books of Shakespeare's day, in which a final *d* is frequently printed *th*, and *vice versa*. *Gloster* asks if *Beaufort* and himself have studied, sat in councils, and had the young King crowned in Paris all in vain. Not seeing this, Rowe read, "And *was* his highness," &c.; and Steevens, retaining 'hath,' read, "*Been crown'd* in Paris." One or other of these more violent disturbances of the old text (the latter of which appears in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632) has hitherto been followed.

Digitized by Google

p. 273. "—— that *rules the roost*":—Dr. Richardson queries, *in v.* 'roast,' whether 'rule the roast' (which he explains very improbably and inconsistently with our English tone of thought, in my judgment) may not be, 'rule the roost'—"an expression," he remarks, "of which every poultry yard would afford an explanation." Surely, 'rules the roast' seems likely to be near of kin to our other phrase, 'cock of the walk;' and the change from 'roost' to 'roast' may be a mere corruption consequent upon the former phonographic irregularity of our spelling; 'roast' and 'roost' having both been pronounced with the first or name sound of *o*, and both having been written *rost* or *rowst*. For instance, "—like bragginge cockes on the *rowst* flappe your whinges." Jewell. *Defence of the Apologie*, p. 35, (*apud* Dr. Richardson;) and in the present passage the folio has, "rules the *rost*." And see the following passage from John Studley's translation of Seneca's *Agamemnon*, 1581, which also seems to me quite inconsistent with the supposed turnspit origin of the phrase:—

> "But valiaunt Agamemnon hee graund captayne of the Hoste,
> Who bare the sway among the Kinges, and ruled *all the roste*." fol. 141 b.

p. 275. "—— *and thy house-keeping*":—Warwick's housekeeping was lavish and wasteful, even for a prince. It is related by Holinshed that "when he came to London he held such an house, that six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and everie taverne was full of his meat, for who that had anie acquaintance in that house, he should have had as much sod and rost as he might carry upon a long dagger." Vol. iii. p. 678, Ed. 1587: again, remarking upon the love the people bore to Warwick, "they judged the verie sunn was taken from the world when he was absent." *Ibid.* p. 675.

" And, *brother York*":—York had married the sister of Salisbury, who was son to Ralph Nevil, first Earl of Westmoreland, by a second wife, and acquired the Earldom of Salisbury by marriage with Alice, the only daughter and heir of Thomas de Montacute, fourth and last Earl of that name.

" "While they do tend *the* profit of the land":—Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly has, "tend *to* profit," &c.

Digitized by Google

p. 276. "'Tis *mine* they give away": — The folio, "'Tis *thine*" — an obvious misprint for the word in the text. The error is not uncommon.

" "—— wrings his *hapless* hands": — Mr Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*helpless* hands," which is quite possibly the true reading.

" "—— *the fatal brand Althea burn'd*," &c.: — Althea, the mother of Meleager, was informed by the Oracle that he would live only so long as a certain firebrand was unconsumed. She preserved the brand with solicitous care; but Meleager having slain her two brothers, who endeavored to take his mistress, Atalanta, from him, his mother, in a moment of revengeful fury, threw the brand into the fire, and as it burned away he died.

Scene II.

p. 277. "*Enter Gloster and the Duchess*": — This Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Cobham, daughter of Reginald Lord Cobham, whose beauty and fascination had made her the favorite of more than one nobleman before she became the mistress of the Duke. After openly living with her for some time in this relation, he married her; but her character did not change with her condition.

p. 278. "My troublous *dream*": — The folio has, "*dreames*' — a palpable misprint, as the context shows.

p. 279. "—— where kings and queens *are* crown'd": — The folio has, "*wer* crown'd." The misprint would be plain enough even if we had not in the quarto, "Where Kings and Queenes *are* crownde," &c.

" "—— *ill-nurtur'd* Eleanor": — The folio has, "ill-nur*ter'd*." See Note on "an inland man," *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 375.

p. 280. "—— *Sir John*": — Not a knight, but a priest. See the Note on "Sir Hugh," *Merry Wives*, &c., Act I. Sc. 1.

Scene III.

p. 281. "—— our supplications *in the quill*": — i. e., written supplications, as supplications in type would be printed supplications. Mr. Singer and Mr. Dyce suggest, 'in the quoil' = coil = confusion.

p. 282. "*To* my Lord Protector": — Capell, with great probability of correctness, read, "*For* my Lord Protector"— a surprised repetition of the last words of the petitioner, not a reading of the indorsement on the petition.

" "That my *master* was": — The folio has, "That my

Digitized by Google

mistress was" — an obvious misprint, probably caused by the use of M. which stood in old MS. for both 'master' and 'mistress.'

p. 284. "—— base-born *callat*": — See the Note on "A callet," *Winter's Tale*, Act II. Sc. 3.

" "Then let him be *denay'd*": — 'Denay' was often used for 'deny,' and even for 'denial.' See "bide no denay," *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 4.

p. 285. "To give his *censure*": — i. e., his judgment; — the word implying no detraction.

p. 286. "*I'd* set my ten commandments," &c.: — The folio has, "I *could* set," &c.; the superfluous word having been caught from the line above. The quarto has, "Ide set," &c.

" "*She shall not strike Dame Eleanor*," &c.: — For this characteristic scene we are indebted entirely to the poet. Eleanor and Margaret never met.

" "—— her *fury* needs no spurs": — The folio has, "her *fume* needs," &c. The ingenious correction, by which sense and rhythm are restored to the line by the least possible change, is Mr. Dyce's. The second folio attained only the latter by reading "her fume *can need* no spurs," which has hitherto been retained, in spite of its violence to the old text.

" "She'll gallop *fast* enough": — The folio has, "*farre* enough." The misprint was corrected by Pope, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 288. "*I humbly thank*," &c.: — Before this reply of *Somerset's*, Theobald inserted, from the old play, a brief speech by the King, —

> "Then be it so. — My Lord of Somerset,
> We make your Grace Regent over the French,"

because without them the King has not confirmed *Gloster's* decision, and *Somerset* has nothing to be thankful for. Malone, Capell, and Collier leave out the lines, supposing that the King assents by a nod or look; and Mr. Knight also omits them, because "the King has given the power of deciding to *Gloster*." Mr. Dyce restores them, because "the King has *not* given the power of deciding to *Gloster*," but merely puts a question to him. But the terms of that question clearly imply that *Gloster* is to decide the matter; and he pronounces doom, with the mere ceremonious expression of deference, "if I may judge." And that his judgment was considered final, is plain; for in the same breath with his appointment of

Digitized by Google

Somerset as Regent, he decides the question as to the accusation of the armorer by his man, and *Horner* adds to *Somerset's* expression of thanks, "*And* I accept the combat willingly;" although, even in the quarto, the *King says nothing about the combat.* The lines in the quarto were doubtless struck out as enfeebling the impression of *Gloster's* supremacy.

SCENE IV.

p. 289. "*Enter Margery Jourdain,*" &c.: — This Scene is historical.

The *Duchess of Gloster*, or 'Dame Elinor,' as she was universally called, in the words of Holinshed, "by sorcerie and enchantment intinded to destroy the King to advance hir husband unto the crowne." Her accomplices were two priests named Thomas Southwell and John Hum, Roger Bolingbroke, a professed necromancer, and Margery Jordan, Jourdeine, or Jourdemaine, surnamed the Witch of Ely. They were all tried and convicted; the Duchess was condemned as in the play; Margery Jourdaine was burned at Smithfield; Bolingbroke was drawn, hanged, and quartered; Southwell died in the Tower on the eve of his execution; and Hum was pardoned.

" "To this *gear*": — i. e., this business.

" "—— the *silent* of the night": — This expression, akin to "the *vast* of night," (*The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 1,) is consistent, at least, with Shakespeare's use of language. Steevens and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly read, "the *silence* of the night." Just below, the latter also has, "ghosts break *ope* their graves."

p. 290. "[*Reading out of a paper*]": — This stage direction is not in the original; but in the quarto the Duchess says to Hume, "Take this scrole of paper here, wherein is writ the questions," &c.

" "*False* fiend, avoid!" — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly has, "*Foul* fiend," &c.

p. 291. "*We'll see your trinkets,*" &c.: — Some corruption of this line and the hemistich has probably taken place, owing to an imperfect correction of the MS. or a compositor's mistake with regard to 'all.' We should probably read, as Mr. Dyce suggests, "here all forthcoming. —*Away!*" ('here' having the time of a dissyllable,) or, "here forthcoming *all*, — *Away!*" Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*are* all forthcoming." But there does not seem sufficient certainty as to the corruption or either of

Digitized by Google

the proposed emendations to justify a change in the text.

p. 291. "*Aio, te, Æacida,*" &c.: — This was the response of the Oracle to Pyrrhus.

/ "*Tell me, what fate,*" &c.: — The slight variations between *York's* and *Hume's* reading of this paper will be noticed by the careful reader. Such oversights are not uncommon with Shakespeare, and are rather peculiar to him.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 293. "*Beat* on a crown": — So in *The Tempest*, Act V. Sc. 1: —

> "Do not infest your minds with beating on
> The strangeness of this business."

// "*With such holiness,*" &c.: — This line is not a verse, and may be corrupt; but the quarto reads, "Church-men so hote. Good uncle, can you doate?" [i. e., do't.] Note, by the way, 'hot' and 'do't' both pronounced with the first or name sound of *o*.

p. 294. "*True, uncle*": — In the folio, where only they occur, this and the two following speeches are given to *Gloster*, by an obvious mistake, which Theobald corrected.

p. 296. "—— *Simpcox*, come": — The folio has, "*Symon*," which seems to be clearly a misprint of '*Symcox*.'

p. 297. "Then, Saunder, *sit there*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, for the sake of rhythm, "sit *thou* there," &c. But in the quarto, this speech is printed as prose, and in the folio in rhythmless lines of variable length; some having six, some twelve syllables. Mr. Dyce supposes that the speech "was written by the original author in verse, and that his verse has been corrupted into prose." The folio has, near the end of the speech, "think *it* cunning to be great;" "*his* cunning" being found in the quarto and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 298. "A *sort* of naughty persons *lewdly* bent": — See Notes on "few of any sort," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 1, and on "this lewd fellow," *Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

p. 300. "*Edward the Third, my lords,*" &c.: — The folio version of this pedigree differs from those in the quartos of 1594 and 1619, and they differ from each other. All are incorrect. There is confusion, too, about Edmund Mortimer; but as it does not in the least affect the comprehensibility of the text, or the identification of the personages, or the progress of the play, those who wish to be satisfied with regard to it must go to the genealogists, or to Malone's two-page note upon the subject.

p. 301. "—— where, as *all you* know": — *York* addresses but two persons, *Salisbury* and *Warwick*, and yet uses 'all,' which now-a-days we never address but to three or more. Is this a remnant of the French idiom, *tous les deux?*

" "—— who was *son*": — In the folio this 'son' has accidentally dropped to the end of the following line, which thus reads: "fift *sonnes* sonne."

" "What plain *proceeding*," &c.: — The folio has "proceedings," which possibly the author wrote.

SCENE III.

p. 303. "—— for *sins*": — The folio misprints, "for *sinne.*"

p. 304. "—— govern England's *realm*": — Dr. Johnson, Mr. Collier's folio corrector, and other editors, Mr. Dyce among them, read, "England's *helm*;" I cannot see with what justification. The mere repetition of the word is none. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 reads, in *Gloster's* next speech, —

> "My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff.
> *To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh!*"

But, after such a speech, the laugh would not be all on *Gloster's* side.

" "—— this staff of honor *raught*": — i. e., reft or bereft. The word is sometimes the preterite of 'reach.'

" "—— in *her* youngest days": — Here 'her' refers to 'pride,' and is used for 'its,' as 'his' also is in the previous line. See the Note on "it's folly," &c., *Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 385.

p. 305. "*Enter, on one side,*" &c.: — This very particular stage direction is found almost verbatim in both folio and quarto, except that in the old copies we have, as usual, "door" for 'side,' and that *Peter* is simply called "his man." Gentlemen only had the privilege of fighting

Digitized by Google

with swords and spears: the staff and sand-bag was the appointed weapon for men of inferior rank in such trials by battle. This combat is a dramatic transcript of one which actually took place in the reign of Henry VI. upon a similar quarrel. The combatants were named John Daveys and William Catour. They fought in Smithfield, where barriers were erected: the body of the armorer was watched until it was drawn to Tyburn, where it was hanged and quartered as that of a traitor. The whole affair was a week in passing. See Nicholls' *Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Ancient Times*. 4to. 1797.

p. 306. "—— *with a downright* blow": — Here the quarto adds, "as *Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart*," which some editors have restored for the mere sake of the allusion, though in defiance of authority, and to the detriment (it is safe to say what Shakespeare thought) of characteristic truth. For the story of Bevis of Southampton, see Ellis' *Early English Romances*.

SCENE IV.

p. 307. "*Uneath* she may endure": — i. e., hardly she may endure. A. S. *eath* = easily. So in *Golding's Ovid*, —

"Behold how Atlas gins to faint, his shoulders though full strong
Uneath are able to uphold the sparkling extree long."
Ed. 1587, fol. 21 b.

" "—— *laughing at thy shame*": — So both quarto and folio. The second folio has, "*still* laughing," &c.

" "—— *with verses written upon her back*": — This part of the stage direction is from the quarto; the rest only is found in the folio.

p. 308. "—— *deep-fet* groans": — i. e., deep-fetched groans. 'Fet' for 'fetched' frequently occurs in the first editions of the authorized translation of the Bible. It was unjustifiably modernized in a revised edition of the last century, which has since been followed.

p. 309. "*Entreat* her not the worse": — So, "they entreated them spitefully," *Matthew* xxii., and "he shall be spitefully entreated," *Luke* xviii. 32.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

p. 311. "*A sennet*": — 'Sennet,' like 'tucket,' meant the sounding of an instrument, not the instrument itself. The latter word is clearly from the Italian *toccare* = to

Digitized by Google

touch or play; but the etymology of the former is yet undecided. It has been supposed to be from the French *sonner* = to sound. Both words occur frequently in our old dramatists.

p. 313. "—— as is the ravenous *wolf*": — The folio has, "ravenous *wolves*." The correction, required by the verb, and justified by "a dove," "the raven," and "a lamb," in the preceding lines, was made by Rowe, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*Welcome, Lord Somerset*," &c.: — An anachronism. Somerset did not assume the regency of France until three years after this parliament and the murder of Gloster.

p. 314. "*Well, Suffolk, thou*," &c.: — So the folio. The second folio supplies the deficient syllable by reading, "Well, Suffolk, *yet* thou," &c. But were any emendation to be admitted, we should read, 'Well, Suffolk's *Duke*,' &c., the quarto having, "Why Suffolkes Duke," &c.

p. 315. "—— from all *suspects*": — The folio has, "from all *suspence*." It was left for Steevens to see the error and make the correction.

p. 316. "My *liefest* liege": — i. e., my most highly regarded liege. See the Note on 'alderliefest,' Act I. Sc. 1.

p. 318. "*Fair* lords": — The folio has, "*Free* lords," which is meaningless, except to those who can believe that 'free' meant noble; as to which, see the Note on "the free maids," *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 4. The reading of the text, which supposes an easy typographical error, and which is justified by Shakespeare's frequent use of the phrases 'fair lord' or 'lords,' 'fair assembly,' 'fair prayer,' 'fair gentleman' or 'gentlemen,' was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*The King will labour still to save his life*": — Yet, when, after the death of the Duke, his friends made many and powerful efforts in parliament to obtain a declaration of his innocence, they could not succeed while the government was in Henry's own hands. It is not clear that Gloster was murdered, or, if he was, that the King was not concerned in, or consenting to, his death. See the authorities quoted by the Right Hon. Peregrine Courtenay, in his *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, &c., pp. 276–282.

p. 319. "Which *mates* him first," &c.: — Here 'mate' may be used either with or without a reference to chess. "Mate, *exp.* Pined, Consumed, Tame, Daunted, Abashed, *à* Fr. *Mater*, *Matter* = *Vincere*, *Subjugare*, *vel* à Belg. *Mat*, Teut. *Matt* = *Fessus*, *Defessus*." Skinner's *Etymologicon*, &c.

Digitized by Google

p. 320. "It *skills* not greatly": — i. e., it avails not greatly, or accomplishes but little. The word occurs in the same sense in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 442, and in *Twelfth Night*, Act V. Sc. 1, p. 235. It hardly needs a gloss, and Scott uses it frequently.

" "—— a quick *expedient* stop": — i. e., an expeditious stop.

p. 322. "—— *nourish* a mighty band": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*march* a mighty band," which is a very plausible suggestion. But there was no need that *York* should *march* his band in Ireland; though great need that he should collect and foster [nourish] it while he was brewing rebellion in England.

" "—— *like a wild Morisco*": — See the Note on "as fit as ten groats," &c., *All's Well that Ends Well*," Act II. Sc. 2, p. 123.

SCENE II.

p. 323. "*Enter certain Murderers, hastily*": — The folio has, "*Enter two or three running over the stage from the murther of Duke Humfrey.*" In the quarto there is a direction that the Duke shall be "*discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed.*"

p. 324. "I thank thee, *Meg*": — The folio has, "I thank thee, *Nell*," which is wrong, of course, as the Queen's name is Margaret. It is remarkable too that in that text, the Queen, speaking twice of herself, in her long speech just below, calls herself both times "*Elianor.*" In the first instance the initial M might have been put for Meg or Margaret, and mistaken for N; but it is difficult to account for the two latter, unless, indeed, the same mistake occurred, and it being found that 'Nell' did not suit the line, the name was printed in full to preserve the rhythm. Capell first read 'Meg.'

p. 326. "Erect his *statua*": — The folio has, "his *statue*;" but we should clearly read, 'statua,' which was a common, perhaps the more common, form of the word in Shakespeare's time.

" "—— the *gentle* gusts": — Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's folios of 1632 read, "th' *ungentle* gusts;" but the gusts were gentle, i. e., kindly, in that they were "well-forewarning."

p. 327. "—— and *witch* me, as *Ascanius* did": — The folio has, "and *watch me*," &c., — an obvious misprint. — The act of Cupid in the guise of Ascanius, as well as the telling of Æneas' woes, is here attributed to Ascanius himself.

Digitized by Google

p. 328. "—— and to *drain*": — Steevens plausibly suggested that Shakespeare wrote, "and to *rain*," which reading was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "*The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open*," &c.: — Here the folio has merely the direction, "*Bed put forth*;" the quarto has, "*Warwicke drawes the curtains and showes Duke Humphrey in his bed*," which, however, follows his request to stay with the Commons till he returns.

p. 329. "—— a *timely-parted ghost*": — i. e., the body of a person recently deceased. 'Ghost' was frequently thus used; and 'time,' in combination, or of itself, had much more latitude of meaning than it now has. For instance, just below, "Duke Humphrey's timeless death" means, his untimely death.

p. 332. "Unless *false* Suffolk," &c.: — The folio has, "unless *lord* Suffolk;" but as the quarto, from which these two lines are taken, has "*false*," and at the end of this speech the folio has also, "*false* Suffolk," there seems to be no reasonable doubt that, as Mr. Dyce first suggested, 'lord' was here repeated by mistake from the line above.

" "—— *whe'r* you will or no": — In the folio, "*where* you will," &c.

p. 333. "—— a *sort* of tinkers": — i. e., a company of tinkers. See the Note on "none of any sort," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 1.

" "—— breathe infection *in* this air": — 'In' for 'into.'

p. 334. "—— to curse thine *enemies*": — The folio has, "thine *enemy*." But as the quarto has, "canst thou not curse thy *enemies*," and in both texts *Suffolk* replies, "wherefore should I curse *them*?" there can be no doubt that there was a misprint, owing probably to the spelling, *enemie*, in the MS.

" "—— as doth *the mandrake's groan*": — In Bulleine's *Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness*, folio, 1579, p. 141, is the following passage relative to the mandrake, which was first quoted by Reed: —

"They do affyrme that this herbe cometh of the seede of some convicted dead men: and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore, they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof with a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this *Mandrack*. In whych cry it doth not only dye itselfe, but the feare

Digitized by Google

thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."

It need hardly be remarked that the lizard's sting mentioned below is equally a nonentity with the mandrake's groan.

p. 335. "—— wert thou *thence*": — The second folio needlessly has, "wert thou *hence*."

p. 336. "Myself *to* joy in naught": — The folio has, "Myself *no* joy," &c. The obviously antithetical character of the two clauses of the sentence justifies the trifling correction, which was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 337. "—— a fretful *corrosive*": — Here 'corrosive' is to be accented on the first syllable. It was generally written *corsive* in Shakespeare's day.

Scene III.

" The hint for this Scene was taken from a passage in Hall's Chronicle, in which the Cardinal is represented as crying out in his despair, "Why should I die having so many riches? If the whole realm would save my life I am able either by policy to get it or by riches to buy it." But Shakespeare borrowed neither dramatic effect nor language from this scene in the Chronicle. Lingard says that the Cardinal made his final exit in the odor of sanctity, and cheered by all the offices of the Church.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 339. "*Clip* dead men's graves": — i. e., clasp or span dead men's graves. See Note on "a kissing traitor," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2.

p. 340. "*The lives of those*": — A full point instead of a mark of exclamation having been mistakenly affixed to this passage in the folio, and hitherto retained, (except by Mr. Knight, who substituted an interrogation mark,) there has been some difficulty found in it, and much fruitless and needless comment and conjecture expended upon it.

" "—— *that by water I should die*": — See Act I. Sc. 4, for this prediction.

p. 341. "[*Jove sometime went disguis'd*," &c.: — This line is only found in the quarto, and without it the next speech has no pertinence; the passage having been bodily taken from the quarto.

Digitized by Google

p. 341 "*The honourable blood of Lancaster*":— Suffolk was by the mother's side a far off cousin of King Henry, but had no Lancastrian blood in his veins. His mother was great-great granddaughter of Joan of Acre, daughter of Edward I., and great-great-great-grandaunt of Henry VI. In the folio, the first line of this speech is mistakenly printed as a part of the preceding speech, and 'lowly' is corrupted into "*lowſie*."

" "[*Yes, Poole,* — *Poole?*"— These two speeches are omitted from the folio. They are absolutely necessary to the connection of the text. The pronunciation of *oo*, remarked upon elsewhere, is illustrated by this punning use of the name, which was written indifferently *Pole*, *Pool*, and *Powl*, though generally *Pole*.

p. 342. "—— thy *mother's bleeding* heart":—The folio misprints, "thy *mother-bleeding*," &c.

" "—— *are* rising up in arms":—The folio misprints, "*and* rising," &c.

" "—— *our half-fac'd sun*":— An allusion to the device of Edward III., which was a sun breaking through clouds.

p. 343. "Than *Bargulus*," &c.:— Warburton first pointed out that this Bargulus is mentioned by Cicero in his treatise *De Officiis*. "Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum." Lib. II. C. 11. Mr. Dyce has noticed that the name in Cicero's treatise is a false reading, the Greek of Theopompus giving *Bardylis*. Hanmer had previously read 'Bardylis,' pointing out the passage in Diodorus Siculus, in which he is mentioned as the King of Illyria conquered by Philip of Macedon. In the quarto the comparison is to "Abradas the great Macedonian pirate," who is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope's Web*. See the Essay on the Authorship of the Three Parts of King Henry VI.

" "*Penè gelidus*," &c.:— The folio misprints, "*Pine*," &c. The author of this bit of Latin is not known. Mr. Verplanck suggests that it may be by Mantuan; as to whom see the Note on "good old Mantuan," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 463.

" "*Come, soldiers*," &c.:— The folio gives this line to the previous speech — an obvious mistake strangely left to be corrected by Hanmer.

" "—— vile *bezonians*":— See the Note on "Under which King, Bezonian," 2 *Henry IV.*, Act V. Sc. 3, p. 562.

Digitized by Google

SCENE II.

p. 345. "—— a *cade* of herrings": — A cade of herrings was a vessel containing seventy-two thousand ["six hundreth, six score to the hundreth,"] of those odorous fish, according to an old authority, quoted by Malone.

" "—— shall *fall* before us": — The folio has, "shall *faile*," &c. — a palpable misprint.

p. 346. "—— she *washes bucks*": — i. e., she 'does family washing.'

" "—— never a house, *but the cage*": — In Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580, as quoted by Mr. Singer, we find, "Little places of prison, set commonly in the market place for harlots and vagabonds, we call cages." But the reader, remembering the confinement of *Christian* and *Faithful* in "the cage" at Vanity Fair, will not be obliged to go back to Baret for a definition.

p. 347. "*They use to write it on the top of letters*": — Public documents and even private letters were commonly prefixed with some one of the names or titles of Christ.

p. 348. "—— *I pass not*": — i. e., I care not. The quarto has, "I passe not a pinne." The phrase was in common use.

" "—— *a shearman*": — i. e., a cutter, a tailor, 'tailor' itself being from *tailler* = to cut.

p. 349. "—— *span-counter*": — A game played by the boys of Shakespeare's time, in which one threw a counter or piece of money, which was forfeit to him who could throw another within a span of it.

" "—— thereby is England *main'd*": — This form of 'maim' was in common use in Shakespeare's day, though rather as a provincialism or vulgarism; and the more should it therefore be here preserved.

p. 350. "—— in *clouted shoon*": — It can hardly be necessary to remark that 'shoon' is the old plural of 'shoe,' (or shoo,' as it was spelled of old,) formed in a manner which we still preserve in a few words called irregular, and which it is to be regretted that we ever laid aside. 'Clouted' may mean either strengthened with nails, (from the French *clout* = a large headed nail,) or mended with patches or strips of leather or iron. "*Cloute*, of a schoo, *Pictasium*," *Promptorium Parvulorum* "In Norfolk the terms cleat and clowt signify an iron plate with which a shoe is strengthened." Forby.

p. 351. "—— a hundred lacking one [*a week*]": — The last

Digitized by Google

two words are not found in the folio, but were inserted from the quarto by Malone. He was justified by the obvious necessity for some emendation of the text of the folio, and by the fact that in the reign of Elizabeth butchers were enjoined from selling flesh meat during Lent, but that some of the trade, having interest at Court, obtained licenses to kill a limited number of beasts *a week*. In the quarto the number is, "four score and one;" but a hundred lacking one was the more familiar reckoning, and known as the common term of years for long leases.

p. 353. "—— retire to *Killingworth*": — The name by which Kenilworth was almost universally known in Shakespeare's day.

" "—— the *traitors* hate thee": — The folio has, "the *traitors* hateth thee," which was changed by Rowe to "the traitors *hate* thee," and that reading has hitherto retained possession of the text; but we should surely read "the *traitor hateth* thee," not only because that involves the least possible change in the old text, and corrects one of the commonest of misprints, but because the corresponding passage of the quarto is,

"Come on Lord Say, go thou along with us,
For fear *the Rebell* Cade do find thee out."

" "—— for fear you *be* betray'd": — 'Be,' which was accidentally omitted from the first folio, owing, doubtless, to the repetition of the syllable, was supplied in the second.

SCENE VI.

p. 355. "—— go and set *London-bridge on fire*": — London bridge, in Shakespeare's time, and long after, was of wood, and lined on either side with houses.

SCENE VII.

" "—— *headed by Matthew Gough*": — This Matthew *Gough*, [*Goffe* in the old copies,] according to a passage in Latin, quoted by Steevens from William of Worcester, was the son of Ewen Gough, bailiff of the manor of Hangmer, in North Wales, and foster brother to John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Holinshed says that he was "of great wit and much experience in feates of chivalrie," and had long served Henry VI. and his father.

" "—— pull down *the Savoy*": — The Savoy was a palace belonging originally to Simon de Mountford, Earl of Leicester. It was built on a plot of ground granted

Digitized by Google

by Henry III. to Peter, Earl of Savoy. It was magnificently rebuilt by Henry, first Duke of Lancaster, it having been purchased by Queen Eleanor; and it was torn down in Wat Tyler's rebellion, not Jack Cade's, (See *Introduction*,) in the time of which it lay in ruins. It was rebuilt as a hospital by Henry VII.

p. 356. "—— *one and twenty fifteens*":—It may be well to remark that these fifteens, &c., were that proportion of the personal property of the citizen which was demanded by the King or his ministers to meet the expenses of any extraordinary state occasion.

" "—— thou *say*, thou *serge*":—Readers would miss the point of this taunt who did not know that 'say' was the old word for silken cloth.

" "—— thou hast caus'd *printing to be used*":—Printing was not used in England until about 1470, twenty years after Cade's rebellion.

" "—— and *because they could not read thou hast hang'd them*":—It may not be superfluous to remark that this is an allusion to the well-known privilege of ancient times known as 'benefit of clergy.'

p. 357. "Thou dost ride *in a foot-cloth*":—A foot-cloth was a kind of housing or rich covering for the horse, which nearly swept the ground. 'In' is here used according to the idiom of Shakespeare's time, in the sense of upon, as in numerous other passages in these plays.

" "*Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ*," &c.:—"*Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt*," Lib. V. The notion was perpetuated by English writers. Golding, 1563, translated the passage "Of all the inhabitantes of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke."

" "—— liberal, valiant, active, *wealthy*":—Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly has, "liberal, valiant, active, *worthy*."

" "*But* to maintain," &c.:—The original has, "*Kent* to maintain," &c. Mr. Singer and Mr. Collier retain this reading, supposing the speech to be addressed to the Kentish men, who are called 'Kent!' There seems to be no reasonable doubt, however, that Dr. Johnson's conjecture that 'Kent' is a misprint for 'But' is well founded. As to the book which preferred Lord Say to the King, nothing is known. It may have been some official document; as any writing was called a book.

p. 358. "—— *and the help of hatchet*":—It is in the highest degree probable that, as Farmer first suggested, we

Digitized by Google

should read, "*pap with a* hatchet," as that phrase was in common use in Shakespeare's time, and Lilly had used it as a title to one of his tracts in the Martin Marprelate controversy. But there does not seem to be sufficient warrant for the alteration of the old text, which is preserved in the second folio with a trifling modification, (the insertion of 'a' before 'hatchet,') and which has a clear meaning.

p. 359. "—— *Sir James Cromer*":— An error for Sir William Cromer, as Ritson pointed out.

" "—— *there shall not a maid be married*":— This alludes to an ancient feudal custom by which the lord of the manor had the privilege which Jack Cade declares it his intention to claim for himself. Blackstone thought that it never prevailed in England, but that it did in Scotland, which last opinion is confirmed by the mention of it (according to Malone) by Boethius and Skene, as existing in the time of Malcom III., about A. D. 1050. Beaumont and Fletcher founded their *Custom of the Country* upon it.

Scene VIII.

p. 360. "Or let a *rebel* lead you," &c.:— The folio has, "Or let a *rabble*," &c. The correction, which is found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and in Mr. Singer's, would be more than plausible under any circumstances, and is fully justified by the corresponding passage in the quarto:—

> "Who [the King] hath mildly sent his pardon to you
> If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here."

p. 361. "Crying — *Viliaco!*" — In the folio, "*Villiago.*" A term of reproach which, as Mr. Dyce remarks, is not unfrequently found in our old dramatists. "*Vigliacco*, a rascall, a base varlet, a knavish scoundrel, a scurvy fellow." Florio's *New World of Words.*

Scene IX.

p. 363. "—— to be *advertised*":— It may be well to remark that 'advertised' is here a word of four syllables, accented on the second and fourth.

" "Of *Gallowglasses* and *stout Kernes*":— Kernes and Gallowglasses are again mentioned together in *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 2. They were varieties of the wild Irish forces — brave, but savage and undisciplined — which seem to have engaged as mercenary soldiers in the middle ages. The weapon of the Gallowglass was a poleaxe; the

Digitized by Google

Kerne used a sword and target. I am inclined to think that the *s* is superfluous in 'Kernes,' and that 'Kern' or 'Kerne' is a plural form. It has been conjectured with much probability, that a word of two syllables has been lost from this line: it was probably a correspondent epithet to 'stout,' qualifying 'Gallowglasses.'

p. 363. "Is straightway *calm'd*":—The folio has, "is straightway *calm*"—an obvious misprint, corrected in the fourth folio.

" "I *pray thee, Buckingham,*" &c.:—The most acceptable suggestion for supplying the deficient syllable in this line is Mr. Dyce's,—"go *thou* and meet him."

Scene X.

p. 364. "Fie on *ambition*":—The first folio has, "*ambitions,*" the second, "ambition"—a variation hardly worth notice.

" "—— all the country *is laid for* me":—So in Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One,* "I have been laying all the town for thee." Act I. Sc. 2.

" "—— but for a sallet, *my brain-pan had been cleft*":—Sallet was the name of an open helmet, as well as a generic term for cooling herbs eaten raw.

p. 365. "—— by others' *waning*":—The folio has, "by others' *warning*"—a palpable misprint, corrected by Rowe, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 366. "—— I beseech *God* on my knees":—The folio has, "I beseech *Jove,*" &c. But as this passage is taken bodily from the quarto, which has, "I beseech *God,*" &c., there should be no hesitation in adopting the latter reading, instead of the inappropriate one of the folio, which was, doubtless, as Malone suggested, adopted in fear of the statute of 3 James I. so often alluded to before. 'Jove' was sometimes used for 'God' by our earlier writers, as Mr. Dyce suggests; but the quarto is in this case decisive.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 367. "—— *his Forces, &c., at some distance*":—The capacity of the old stage did not permit an arrangement so much in accordance with probability. The stage direction of the folio is, "*Enter Yorke, and his army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.*"

Digitized by Google

p. 368. "*On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury*":—Ajax Telamon, having gone mad because the armor of Achilles was awarded to Ulysses rather than to him, rushed out of his tent upon the flocks kept for the sustenance of the Greek army, and slaughtering great numbers of them, dragged the carcasses to his tent, thinking that they were his enemies.

" "*Buckingham, I pr'ythee*":—Thus the folio: the second folio, "*O* Buckingham," &c.; the quarto, "*Humphrey, Duke of* Buckingham, pardon me." The last line but one of the speech shows that here we must not insist strongly upon complete verses, or even measured rhythm.

p. 371. "—— first let me ask of *these*":—The folio has, "ask of *thee*." The trifling misprint was corrected by Theobald, and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Theobald, with much plausibility, also supposed that a transposition had accidentally been made, and began the speech with the line, "Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail."

p. 372. "To *Bedlam* with him":—This well-known hospital for the insane, which stood near Charing Cross, was originally a priory of the Order of Bethlehem, (the brethren and sisters of which wore a star upon their mantles,) which was founded A. D. 1246, by Simon Fitz-Mary, a sheriff of London. It appears to have been given up to the use of lunatics about the end of the fourteenth century. Its name, (*th* being pronounced as *t*,) was at first corrupted into Betleham, and finally into Bedlam.

" "—— my *two brave bears*":—An allusion to the badge of the Nevils, the bear and ragged staff.

" "—— the *be'r-'ard*":—i. e., bear-ward. See Notes on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 373. "Who, being *suffer'd*":—i. e., it is hardly necessary to remark, being permitted.

p. 374. "—— for death *or* dignity":—The folio has, "death *and* dignitie." The needful emendation was made by Pope and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— by thy *household* badge":—The folio misprints, "*housed* badge." The correct reading is found in the quarto, from which it will be seen the passage is taken bodily.

" "—— Foul *stigmatic*":—i. e., one stigmatized, branded, by Nature.

SCENE II.

p. 376. "—— and the *premised* flames," &c.:—i. e., the

Digitized by Google

flames sent before their time; — one of the numberless instances of Shakespeare's use of words derived from Latin in their radical sense.

p. 377. "As *wild Medea*," &c.: — Medea, flying from Colchis with Jason, cut her brother Absyrtus, into many pieces, that her father might be detained from following her.

" "*Somerset is killed*": — In the quarto the direction is, "*And Richard kils him under the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.*"

" "*So, lie thou there; — For, underneath*," &c.: — This passage is altogether inconsequential and somewhat obscure, owing to corruption, or to very careless alteration of the corresponding passage in the quarto, which is as follows: —

"So lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
What's here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe
The Castle in Saint Albones
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death."

The change would not be justifiable; but we should probably fulfil the author's intention by reading, —

"So, lie thou there. — *What's here? the sign of the Castle! So then the prophecy is come to pass;*
For, underneath an ale-house paltry sign," &c.

For the prediction referred to, see Act I. Sc. 4.

p. 378. "—— of all our present *parts*": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "present *friends*."

Scene III.

" "*Old* Salisbury": — The folio has, "*Of* Salisbury." The emendation, which is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, is solicited by the construction of the line, and supported by the reading of the quarto, "But did you see *old* Salsbury?" In the third and fourth lines of this speech the same volume has "all *bruise* of time," and "the *bloom* of youth," which latter reading occurred to Dr. Johnson — emendations so happy and so specious that, although 'brush of time' and 'brow of youth' must be retained as having a clear figurative meaning, were I to print a text of Shakespeare for myself alone, I should read with the old corrector.

p. 379. "—— I *holp* him": — The old strong preterite of 'help.'

Digitized by Google

ESSAY ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Digitized by Google

Twenty-five copies of this Essay, as originally written, were printed for private circulation, at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., with the following dedication:—

TO

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,

OF SHADY HILL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

A TOKEN OF HIGH REGARD,

A TRIBUTE TO HIS SCHOLARSHIP AND TASTE,

AND A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTEREST

SPONTANEOUSLY MANIFESTED IN THE LABORS

OF WHICH THIS ESSAY FORMS A PART.

Digitized by Google

AN ESSAY

ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

IT has long been a question of much interest in English literature, whether Shakespeare was in any proper sense the author of either of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. More than a hundred years ago, Theobald cast a doubt upon their authenticity,* and Warburton, as his manner was, denied it without reserve and with little reason. Johnson then opposed these conjectures and assertions by a few solemnly uttered truisms, and the brief assertion of opposite opinions upon the merit and style of the plays;† while Farmer, Steevens, and Tyrwhitt skirmished still more lightly upon the same field, the

* "Indeed, tho' there are several master strokes in these three plays, which incontestably betray the workmanship of Shakespeare, yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I shou'd rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the stage, and so have receiv'd some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaical, than in the generality of his genuine compositions." *Theobald's Shakespeare*, 1733, Vol. IV. p. 110.

† "From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every authour's works, one will be the best and one will be the worst. . . . Dissimilitude of stile, and heterogeneousness of sentiment may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed authour. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures are Shakespeare's. These plays, considered without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of K. John, Richard II., or the tragick scenes of King Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakespeare, to whom shall they be given? What authour of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?" *Johnson's Shakespeare*, 1765, Vol. V. p. 225. [It is very doubtful whether Johnson had read a page of either "authour of that age," except Shakespeare, to whom *Henry the Sixth* might be attributed with any semblance of probability.

Digitized by Google

former as an opponent, the two latter as allies of "the great moralist." Malone was the first who gave the subject careful consideration and systematic treatment. To use his own words, he "was long struck with the many evident Shakespearianisms" in the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and did not doubt either "that the whole of these plays was the production of the same person," or that "they were properly ascribed" to Shakespeare. This was Malone's opinion before his edition of Shakespeare's works was published, in 1790; but during the preparation of that edition, he reached an opposite conclusion, and wrote a long dissertation to show that this three-part dramatic history was not Shakespeare's, that it had only been altered and enriched by him, and that the first part was written by another person than the author of the second and third.

Malone's arguments were accepted as conclusive, and his opinion prevailed without open dissent, until the appearance of Mr. Knight upon the field of Shakespearian letters. Indeed, Dr. Drake proposed that the First Part of *Henry the Sixth* should be excluded from future editions of Shakespeare's works, because it "offers no trace of any finishing strokes from the master bard." * Mr. Knight opposed himself directly, and upon all points, to Malone and his supporters. He held that Shakespeare, so far from having been the mere furbisher of *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, the two old plays which are undoubtedly earlier versions of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, was the unaided author of the whole of those old plays or earlier versions, and also of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, no earlier version or impression of which is known than that of the folio of 1623. Malone had written with much ingenuity; but his argument rested mainly upon mere points of verbal criticism. His examination was minute, but his view was the narrowest that could possibly be taken of the subject; and by this method of treating it he was blinded to so much that was inconsistent with his position, that what was really a failure of perception, seemed, or was easily made to appear, a lack of candor. Mr. Knight, on the contrary, writing upon the subject at great length, and with an enthusiastic fervor nearly equalled in degree by the ability which he displayed, could not be

* *Shakespeare and his Times*, Vol. II. p. 297.

Digitized by Google

reproached with narrow mindedness, although he might be charged with prejudice. He discussed the authorship of these plays almost entirely upon the highest critical grounds; and sought to establish identity of motive, unity of plan, an interdependent dramatic interest, and a homogeneous characterization between all the parts of *Henry the Sixth* and *Richard the Third*, an undoubted work of Shakespeare's.

From the nature of the question to be decided, it may be doubted whether this mode of discussion was well chosen; and whether, dependent as it was for its arguments upon mere impressions received from the passages compared, — impressions which must vary more or less as to character and deepness with various readers, — it could by any disputant have been followed to a satisfactory conclusion. But Mr. Knight certainly did show that some of the most important objections brought by Malone against the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* as Shakespeare's work, would apply equally to those passages of the Second and Third Parts of that play, which Malone himself, and all the world besides, acknowledge to be Shakespeare's. Mr. Knight demolished Malone's theory; but he failed to establish his own. He was over subtle; and the connection between his premise and his conclusion is sometimes too filmy and fanciful to be seen by eyes less eager and excited than his own. It may be safely averred, that very few of even the most admiring readers of Mr. Knight's Essay could peruse the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, *The First Part of the Contention*, and *The True Tragedy*, and accept those plays as Shakespeare's entirely in plot, characterization, rhythm, and diction; — and that they are so is the keystone of Mr. Knight's argument.

Soon after Mr. Knight's Essay on *King Henry the Sixth*, appeared Mr. Collier's edition of the works of Shakespeare, in the Introductory Essays of which to these plays the latter gentleman put forth the monstrous opinion that Shakespeare wrote the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, but was not concerned in the production of the *First Part of the Contention*, or *The True Tragedy*. For such an opinion, however, there is support in the external evidence, — aside from the testimony of Heminge and Condell, — and Mr. Collier reasoned logically, though like an antiquary rather than a critic.

Next, Mr. Halliwell, editing the Shakespeare Society's reprint of the old plays just named, brought forward in his Prefatory

Digitized by Google

Essay, as a not improbable conjecture, the suggestion that "when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals." Mr. Halliwell, also, finding some words and parts of lines in an impression of these plays printed in 1619, which appear in the impression of 1623, but not in those of 1594 and 1595, concluded that there was "an intermediate composition" between the earliest and the latest impressions. But such slight differences as those pointed out by Mr. Halliwell, which are similar to others that I have myself remarked, hardly seem to warrant the conclusion that he drew from them. At the period during which these various impressions appeared, two editions of the same play, even when published within a year or two of each other, were rarely without variations as important, at least, as those in question.

Last of all, Mr. Dyce, in his edition of the works of Shakespeare, published in 1857, avows "a strong suspicion that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are wholly by Marlowe" — an opinion previously broached by Mr. Hallam in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

Were it desirable, it were quite impossible within the limits at my command, to state, much less to meet, in detail, the arguments of the editors and critics whose views of this subject it seemed proper to bring to the knowledge of the reader, before his attention was solicited to an examination of the question which has led me to a conclusion entirely different from that reached by any of my predecessors in this inquiry.* I will merely remark that Mr. Halliwell's conjecture that the plays which he edited contain Shakespeare's first additions to the [supposed] originals, seems to me by far the most reasonable solution of this interesting literary problem that has yet been offered. It has one point of contact with an opinion which I had formed some two or three years before I met with Mr. Halliwell's excellent reprint of these old plays, and which it is the object of this Essay to set forth and establish. That opinion is,

* Malone's Dissertation will be found in the Variorum of 1821, Vol. XVIII. p. 555; Mr. Knight's Essay, in his Pictorial Edition prefixed to Vol. II. of the Histories; Mr. Collier's views, in the Introductory remarks to the three parts, respectively, of *Henry the Sixth*, in Vol. V. of his edition of Shakespeare of 1842-4; Mr. Halliwell's, in Vol. IV. of the *Supplement to Dodsley's Old Plays*, published by the Shakespeare Society: and Mr. Dyce's, in Vol. I. p. xlii. of his edition of Shakespeare's Works, 1857.

Digitized by Google

that *The First Part of the Contention*, *The True Tragedy*, and, probably, an early form of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* unknown to us, were written by Marlowe, Greene, and Shakespeare (and perhaps Peele) together, not improbably as co-laborers for the company known as the Earl of Pembroke's Servants, soon after the arrival of Shakespeare in London; and that he, in taking passages, and sometimes whole Scenes, from those plays for his *King Henry the Sixth*, did little more than to reclaim his own.

II.

The only direct testimony that Shakespeare was the author of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, is that of his fellow-actors and copartners, John Heminge and Henry Condell. It is certain that they knew whether these plays were his; for the final chorus to *Henry the Fifth* bears witness that they had often been performed at the Blackfriars and the Globe.

"Henry the Sixth in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shewn; and for their sake
In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

And it is equally sure, that when the first folio was published, there were in London many other persons, actors, authors, and play-goers of the better sort, who were sufficiently well-informed upon the subject to correct the error or expose the fraud of Heminge and Condell, had they committed either, and who would have done so. Ben Jonson would certainly have had something to say upon the subject. But no record or hint of any such denial has been found in the thoroughly sifted literature and private MSS. of the time; and it is therefore clear that Shakespeare's connection with these works as their reputed author, was sufficiently established with his contemporaries for them to be accepted without question as his. And with regard to the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, there is no external evidence of any moment, positive or negative, as to its authorship, except its publication as Shakespeare's in the folio of 1623.

As to the authorship of the Second and Third Parts, there

Digitized by Google

are several other points of external evidence which must be taken into consideration. The first is negative. Meres makes no mention of *King Henry the Sixth* in his citation of the plays of Shakespeare, which he published in 1598. This omission, of course, applies to the First Part as well as to the Second and Third, but not at all in a like degree. For, in that often quoted passage, Meres did not profess to give a catalogue of Shakespeare's then existing plays. He but cited certain of them which occurred to him as justifying the high praise which he bestowed upon their author; and as the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* contain some of the finest passages written by Shakespeare, and we know that they were popular, the omission of them from a list in which *Titus Andronicus* appears, goes far to show that as late as 1597 Shakespeare was not known as their author. But the same inference cannot be drawn as to so comparatively a poor a play as the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*.

The second point is also negative. In the years 1594 and 1595 were published *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The True Tragedy of the Duke of York*, more than three thousand lines of which, word for word, or modified in language only, are found in the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* in the folio of 1623, of which latter plays these lines are very nearly two thirds; and yet Shakespeare's name does not appear in the entry on the Stationers' Register or on their title pages as the author of either *The First Part of the Contention* or *The True Tragedy*, although in 1594 he had reached eminence as a poet and dramatist; nor, on their republication in 1600, were they announced as his, although after 1598 none of his undoubted plays were published without his name. And more than this: *The True Tragedy* is announced on the title page of 1595 as having been "sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants" — a company of players with whom Shakespeare had no direct connection that we know of from other sources, and which is never mentioned on the title pages of the early editions of any of his unmistakable and undisputed works. It was not until 1619, three years after Shakespeare's death, that these plays were published as his by a bookseller, Thomas Pavier, who did the same with *Sir John Oldcastle*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, *The Puritan*, and other plays which we know were not his. These circumstances strongly

Digitized by Google

corroborate the conclusion towards which we are drawn by the silence of Meres — a conclusion which is made absolute by the third point of external evidence. This, though indirect, is affirmative in its nature.

In 1592, the wretched life of Robert Greene came to a miserable end. Greene, whose *Pandosto* furnished Shakespeare the plot of *The Winter's Tale*, though Master of Arts in both Oxford and Cambridge, and a prolific writer of plays, tales, and satires, which were very popular, seems to have been afflicted with all the faults and all the sorrows which are generally regarded as the peculiar heritage of authors and artists. The vicissitudes of his shifting life were from bad to worse; but they were so, not because Robert Greene was a man of letters, but because the man of letters was Robert Greene. He died from the effects of a debauch, in squalid want, at the house of a poor cobbler, dependent upon the charity and care of his host's wife. In the pangs of his last remorse, he repented of his life; and his repentance seems to have been sincere; for he not only did all in his power to secure the payment of the money that he owed his host, but he earnestly endeavored to dissuade his late companions from continuing the irregular and dissolute course of life which had brought him to so lamentable an end. He left behind him a manuscript, which was published in 1592, soon after his death, by his friend Henry Chettle, with the title, *Greene's Groatsworth of Witte; Bought with a million of Repentance: Describing the Folly of Youth, the falshood of Make-shift Flatterers, the miserie of the Negligent, and mischiefes of deceyuing Curtezans*. It is an autobiography concealed behind a thin veil of fiction. Appended to it is an address to his fellow-playwrights, with this heading: "To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintaince, that spend their wits in making Playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to prevent his extremities." The persons addressed by Greene were Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele. After reproving and counselling each of them, he thus exhorts them collectively: "Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned: for vnto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleaue; those Puppits, I meane, that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whome

Digitized by Google

they all haue bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an vpstart Crow beautiful with our feathers, that with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and beeing an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his owne conceyt, the onely Shakescene in a Countrey. O that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee imployed in more profitable courses: and let those Apes imitate your past Excellence, and neuer more acquaynte them with your admyred inuentions." *

At whom Greene's allusions in this paragraph were pointed, there could have been no doubt; and neither Shakespeare nor his contemporaries failed to appropriate them rightly. We know this from a passage in the Preface to the *Kind Heart's Dreame* of Henry Chettle, who had edited poor Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*. The *Kind Heart's Dream* appeared in the same year with the *Groatsworth of Wit*, although, as we have seen, the latter was not published until after Greene's death, which took place on the 3d of September. Referring to the offence taken by Marlowe (whom Greene had represented as saying "like the fool in his heart, There is no God") and by Shakespeare, Chettle says, "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I neuer be; the other whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of living writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author being dead, that I did not, I am as sorry as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe haue seene his demeanor no less ciuill than he excient in the qualitie he professes; besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that approoues his art." †

From this passage, we learn that Shakespeare was naturally indignant at Greene's slander, and that his indignation was not regarded as unjust by Greene's editor. But although there is apology, there is no retraction of the charge that Shakespeare had used Greene's material; and if that charge could have been truthfully withdrawn, surely it would have been on such an

* I believe that attention was first directed to this remarkable and important passage by Tyrwhitt, in 1766.

† From Greene's Works, Ed. Dyce.

Digitized by Google

occasion and in an apology made in such a spirit. On the contrary, Chettle, in a passage in the body of the *Kind Heart's Dream*, says, "of whom [Greene] however some suppose themselves injured, I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, *nil nisi necessarium*. He was of singuler plesaunce, the verye supporter, and, to no man's disgrace bee this intended, the only Comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Here is another allusion to the umbrage taken by Shakespeare; and although further offence is deprecated, there is an assertion of Greene's eminence as a comic writer, noteworthy for its firm and almost defiant air.* There has been also discovered, in "a lytel plaunflet," *Greene's Funeralls*, by R. B. Gent., 1594, preserved in the Bodleian Library, a passage which corroborates the external evidence which we have thus far examined. It is the following so-called "Sonnet," the ninth in that volume:-

> "Greene is the pleasing Object of an eie:
> Greene pleasde the eies of all that lookt vpon him.
> Greene is the ground of euerie Painter's die,
> Greene gave the ground to all that wrote vpon him.
> Nay more, the men that so Eclipst his fame
> Purloyned his Plumes, can they deny the same?" †

Could there be a doubt upon this cumulative evidence, were there no more, that there was some ground for the charge of plagiarism made against Shakespeare in Greene's posthumous pamphlet?

But Greene not only made the general charge; he indicated, unintentionally perhaps, although his malice was prepense, one work at least in which he thought that Shakespeare had "purloyned his plumes." The phrase "tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide," is a parody on a line in the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, (Act I. Sc. 4,) "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide;" and the use of it by Greene as a part of his sneering detraction of Shakespeare, shows clearly enough that the play in which it occurs was one of those to the credit of which the dying dramatist thought that he had a claim. But this line is one of the large number in the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth* which are taken bodily from *The True Trage-*

* Before 1592, Shakespeare had probably produced no other comedies than *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Comedy of Errors*.

† From Greene's Works, Ed. Dyce.

Digitized by Google

dy,* which was published in 1595. It was to a share in the latter play, therefore, that Greene meant to set up a claim for himself, Marlowe, and Peele, when he accused Shakespeare of being a crow beautified with their feathers. We have already seen that *The True Tragedy* was published as having been "sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants;" and there is this support of Greene's claim, — that while Shakespeare is not known to have had any connection with the Earl of Pembroke's servants, we have the testimony of Nash, in his *Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse*, published in 1593, that Greene was "chief agent of the companie, for he writ more than four other." Against such an array of evidence as this, positive and negative, direct and indirect, brought from various quarters, and given by competent witnesses, who, whatever might have been their prejudices, did not know that they were giving testimony in the matter of Robert Greene and William Shakespeare, concerning the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, he would show himself either incompetent or foolhardy, I think, who denied that Greene's title to the older versions of those two plays (for one is but the continuation of the other) was thus far more clearly established than Shakespeare's.

III.

Are we then to reject the uncontradicted testimony of Heminge and Condell, in 1623, that Shakespeare was the author of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and award to him only the lines and parts of lines which are found in those two plays, but not in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, assigning all the others to Greene, or to the trio, Marlowe, Greene, and Peele? I cannot think so; nor can I understand how any intelligent reader of the works of the four poets could for a moment seriously entertain the proposition. For, in the first place, we find that nearly three thousand five hundred lines, entire or modified, have been transferred from *The First Part of the Contention*, and *The True Tragedy* to

* The reader will observe, by referring to this line, Vol. VIII. p. 27, that the whole of the long speech, and indeed of the Scene, of which it forms a part, is taken from *The True Tragedy*.

Digitized by Google

the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, of the former of which they form nearly one half, and of the latter more than two thirds! It was indeed the custom of Shakespeare's time for playwrights to add to and rewrite the works of their elder contemporaries; but such wholesale "conveyance" as this would surely fix upon Shakespeare, or upon his friends for him, a plagiarism which for unblushing boldness would be without a parallel.* Is it probable that he of whom "divers of worship reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty," would have been so unscrupulous? is it possible that he who had so charmed them by "his facetious grace in writing that approves his art," could have been all at once so barren of invention as to be put to so desperate a shift?

And what kind of work was it that, on the contrary supposition, Shakespeare appropriated from other playwrights, or which was appropriated for him? For the character of the passages common to the two versions of the two plays is a very important part of the remaining evidence in the case — the internal evidence, to which we must now direct our attention.

If we examine the later version of the first of the two plays — the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* — we shall find that the first passage of any consequence which is common to this play and the *First Part of the Contention* is in the second Scene of the third Act. Previous Scenes contain many passages which are based upon corresponding passages in the *First Part of the Contention*, also some comic Scenes which differ but little from their earlier counterparts, and a few isolated lines which have been bodily transplanted; but the following is the first poetical passage of any length or moment which the later version adopts without material change from the earlier: — †

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,

* This view of the question has heretofore been taken by Mr. Knight.

† The reader will find his examination of this and similar cases aided by the manner in which the text is printed here and in the plays themselves in this edition: the lines within brackets are taken bodily from the old plays; those having single quotation marks are modifications of lines in those plays; and

Digitized by Google

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suff. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge, —
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Som. *and others.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suff. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murtherous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st,

those unmarked are found only in the folio of 1623. The passage above quoted is said to exist without material variation in both versions, because the difference between "Who finds the heifer" and "Who *sees* the heifer," between "But will imagine" and "But *may* imagine," (the second readings being those of the *First Part of the Contention,*) are surely of no importance to the present discussion. And although *Queen Margaret's* first speech and the first line in *Suffolk's* second are marked as variations, the reader will see, by the corresponding lines in the earlier version, of how unessential a character the variation is.

"*Queene.* Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants?
Is Suffolk the butcher, where's his knife?"

"*Suffolke.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in thy words, —"

Digitized by Google

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to Hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!
Suff. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

If Shakespeare filched from some of his elder contemporaries all that exists unmodified in both versions of these plays, here is the first example that we find of his thieving; and upon this showing only, it must be admitted that he stole with taste as well as boldness. But from whom did he steal? Who among the subjects of Good Queen Bess, about the year of Grace 1590, had such wares as this to be stolen? Marlowe? Greene? Peele? One of them, if any one; and they are the complainants. But unfortunately for their case, they cannot prove their property in this gear. If it be possible that these lines are not Shakespeare's, it is almost certain that they are neither Marlowe's, Greene's, nor Peele's. Not one or all of them could have produced forty such consecutive lines at the time when these were written though the grade of these is low in Shakespeare's scale of merit They could, either of them, "bombast out a blank verse" indifferently well; but their united skill would have failed to produce a dialogue in heroic verse, in which thought, diction, and rhythm sprung up together to flow on in such a consentaneous stream. Certainly neither of them had then done so in any of his acknowledged compositions; and therefore it may be assumed that neither wrote in an anonymous work the parts peculiarly distinguished by such merit. At that time they all had failed to attain, perhaps even to aim at, the union of variety of pause with measured beat of rhythm by which Shakespeare made blank verse untiring mental music. The passage above quoted was written, whoever wrote it, when Shakespeare was a young and comparatively unpractised writer of what Milton calls "English Heroic verse without Rime;" but if he did not write —

"Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,

Digitized by Google

> Thy mother took into her blameful bed
> Some stern, untutor'd churl; and noble stock
> Was graft with crab-tree slip, — whose fruit thou art,
> And never of the Nevils' noble race," —

the man who did is yet to be discovered. For Marlowe, Greene, and Peele were the acknowledged master workmen of their craft when *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were written; and let us look at specimens of the best that they could do. And first from Marlowe. Marlowe's best play, without a doubt, is *Edward the Second*, in which, especially in the Scene of *Edward's* murder, he attained a dramatic power and a freedom of versification not found elsewhere in his own undoubted works, or in those of any other of Shakespeare's early contemporaries. But this play affords unmistakable evidence that it was Marlowe's last; and he was killed in a fray in June, 1593, the year in which *Edward the Second* was entered upon the Stationers' Register. Whereas *The True Tragedy* had surely been long enough upon the stage when Greene died, in 1592, to be well known — a year or two, we may safely assume; and *The True Tragedy* was a later play than *The First Part of the Contention*. That *Edward the Second* was written some time after the appearance of *The True Tragedy*, and still longer after that of *The First Part of the Contention*, seems therefore to be sufficiently well established to exclude it from present consideration.* To quote, then, from a passage of more than average merit in the best of Marlowe's other works: —

> "*Barabas.* Ay, policy! that's their profession,
> And not simplicity, as they suggest —
> The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
> Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
> Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!*
> And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
> I ban their souls to everlasting pains,

* It may be objected that if Marlowe could write *Edward the Second* in 1593, he might with probability be supposed to have been able to write a play nearly as good four or five years before. But according to the best evidence (i. e. what we know that he did write) he had not that ability; and it was only in the latter part of the play which he wrote after the appearance of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* that he so greatly surpassed his former efforts, as well in kind as in degree of excellence

Digitized by Google

And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress!
First Jew. Oh, yet be patient, gentle Barabas!
Bara. Oh, silly brethren, born to see this day,
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?
First Jew. Why Barabas, as hardly can we brook,
The cruel handling of ourselves in this:
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.
Bara. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one;
And of me only have they taken all.
First Jew. Yet brother Barabas, remember Job.
Bara. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus; he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valu'd at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may enclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes;
For only have I toil'd to inherit here
The months of vanity, and loss of time,
And painful nights, have been appointed me."

The Jew of Malta. Marlowe's Works, Vol. I. p. 252, Ed. Dyce.

Greene's *Looking Glass for London and England* furnishes the following verses, which are in his best style: —

"*Rasni.* So pace ye on, triumphant warriors,
Make Venus' leman, arm'd in all his pomp,
Bash at the brightness of your hardy looks,
For you the viceroys are, the cavaliers,

Digitized by Google

That wait on Rasni's royal mightiness.
Boast, petty kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars have made your fortunes climb so high,
To give attend on Rasni's excellence.
Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
Rounded with Lycas' silver-flowing streams?
Whose city large diametri contains,
Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall;
Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
As glorious as the portal of the sun;
And *for to* deck heaven's battlements with pride,
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds.
This city is the footstool of your king;
A hundred lords do honor at my feet;
My sceptre straineth both the parallels:
And now t' enlarge the highness of my power,
I have made Judea's monarch flee the field,
And beat proud Jeroboam from his holds," &c.

A Looking Glass for London and England. Greene's Works. Ed. Dyce. Vol. I. p. 59.

Peele's plays afford no better lines than these from *David and Bethsabe*:—

"*Cusay.* The stubborn enemies to David's peace,
And all that cast their darts against his crown,
Fare ever, like the young man Absalon!
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim,
Which fought for thee as much as all thy men,
His hair was tangled in a shady oak;
And hanging there, by Joab and his men,
Sustain'd the stroke of well deserved death.
Dav. Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death?
Die, David, for the death of Absalon;
And make these cursed news the bloody darts,
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.
Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade, the thunder slew,
And fire from heaven hath made his branches black,
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon:
Against the body of that blasted plant
In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,

Digitized by Google

Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs,
And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk
Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
There let the winds sit sighing till they burst;
Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
And mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
That held my dearest Absalon to death.
Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.
[*He goes to his pavilion and sits close awhile.*
Beth. Die, Bethsabe, to see thy David mourn,
To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell;
O, help, my David, help thy Bethsabe, [*She kneels down.*
Whose heart is pierced with thy breathy swords,
And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs," &c.
Peele's Works, Vol. II. p. 75. Ed. Dyce.

A comparison of these passages with that above quoted from *The First Part of the Contention* and the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* in common, will make it sufficiently clear to every reader that the writer of the former had instinctively adopted a principle of rhythm, and possessed a facility of thought and verse, and especially a dramatic freedom of diction, which are not indicated by either of the latter. But the comparison in other respects would not be fair; for the passage cited from the Second Part of *Henry the Sixth* and *The First Part of the Contention*, is taken only because it is the first of any importance which is common to both those plays; while the passages quoted from Marlowe, Greene, and Peele are selected as being among the best in thought, rhythm, and diction to be found in the works of their several authors. They gain little, it is true, in any one of these respects, even if they do not suffer in all, by comparison with the passage from *The First Part of the Contention;* but for the complete attainment of our end, they must be compared with some of the finer passages common to the earlier and later versions of the two plays, the authorship of which is the present subject of our inquiry.

So little of *The First Part of the Contention* was retained without essential change in the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*,

Digitized by Google

that, for the present purpose, it will be better to turn to the other play. The intelligent reader can note for himself, among the thirteen hundred lines which are common to *The True Tragedy* and the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, so many passages which in thought, diction, and rhythm are far superior to those quoted above from the works of Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, that it is necessary to transfer but one to these pages for the purpose of immediate comparison. We have not far to look before we find the following lines in both the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth* (Act I. Sc. 4) and *The True Tragedy*. They form a part of a long and highly dramatic Scene which is taken almost bodily from the latter play.

"*York.* Come, bloody Clifford, — rough Northumberland, —
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
York. My ashes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford, do not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:

Digitized by Google

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught * at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. —
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance;
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

* i. e., reached.

Digitized by Google

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown, —
A crown for York; — and, lords, bow low to him. —
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on." —
[*And so on to the end of the Scene.*

This fine passage exhibits, in a greater degree, the same on-flowing rhythm, the same unobtrusive skill in moulding emotional utterance into the symmetrical form of verse without constraint of its dramatic freedom, that appear in the extract previously made from *The First Part of the Contention* and the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*. But it is also marked with a superior mastery of language and a more vigorous tone of thought. The imagery, no longer confined to the more obvious comparisons suggested by commonplace occurrences, occasionally rises to the higher regions of fancy, where it soars with strong and steady wing, in striking contrast with the fitful and extravagant flights which are characteristic of Elizabethan dramatic poetry of the middle period. *Margaret's* long speech is especially noteworthy for the freedom of its verse and the strength of its invective. Its rhythm is perfect; and yet the callat queen's tongue runs with as little restraint of prosody as dignity. The speech opens, too, with an image unsurpassed, almost unequalled, in simple grandeur and expressiveness by any other in the whole range of poetry.

"Come make him stand upon this molehill here,
That *raught at mountains* with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand."

What a thought to have sprung from the mere imagination of a vanquished soldier placed upon a mound of earth to be insulted! And yet it is thrown off with as little apparent care as if it were the merest commonplace. Who was there in England before 1592 who scattered such jewels with an open hand? Marlowe, the only poet of that day who could have even sought to grace his verse with such an image, would have compassed only a monstrous caricature of it. No, there can be no doubt that in 1590 there was but one man living who could have written this passage; and that man was William Shakespeare. With him who does doubt, I must dispute, not of this question, but of the worth and the distinctive traits of Shakespeare's undoubted works. Such a man must convince me that

Digitized by Google

he knows in what consists the dramatic and poetic supremacy of *Hamlet* and of *Lear*, of *The Tempest* and of *Romeo and Juliet*, before I can discuss with him the authorship of a play written in the nonage of Shakespeare's literary life. And this conclusion is true, in a greater or less degree, of all the poetical passages that are common to the elder and later versions of the two plays under consideration.

But there are other passages in one of these plays which must not be passed over in this examination. These are the comic scenes in prose of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*— those in which *Jack Cade* and his followers appear. These Scenes have a comic power which depends not merely upon whim, or drollery, or the laugh-provoking faculty; they are humorous presentations of a weak side of human nature; and having been true to that nature once, are true to it for ever. In the hands of an artist of even secondary rank, they would have been so stiffly overlaid with the costume of his own time, or of the time in which they were placed, that they would be without general interest now, as is the case, for instance, with Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and *Every Man out of his Humour*. But the contrary is the case; and it is entirely owing to these scenes that a vulgar, destructive demagogue is called *Jack Cade*, just as a pompous, foolish justice is called *Dogberry*, wherever the English tongue is spoken. Of these comic Scenes, only a few passages were retained without some change in the later play. But although the necessary limits of this Essay preclude copious quotation, it would not be well to leave this point of our subject without seeing, by comparison, how little was the change, and how comparatively unimportant in its nature. Here is a brief passage, quite illustrative in its character, from corresponding parts of the play in its elder and later form.

From the First Part of the Contention.

"*George.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say, which sold the Townes in France.

"*Cade.* Come hither thou

From the Second Part of King Henry the Sixth, Act IV. Sc. 7.

"*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and

Digitized by Google

Say,* thou George, thou buckrum lord, What answere canst thou make unto my mightinesse for delivering up the townes in France to Mounsier busmine cue, the Dolphin of France? And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar schoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built up a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face, that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable words as no Christian eare is able to endure it. And besides all that, thou hast appointed certaine Justises of Peace in every shire to hang honest men that steals for their living, and because they could not reade thou hast hung them up. Onely for which cause they were most worthy to live. Thou ridest on a foot-cloth doest thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honester man than thyselfe goes in his hose and doublet."

* An error for 'thou serge;' and one of the many mistakes of the ear noticeable in the earlier versions of these plays. 'Serge' was pronounced *sarge*.

one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the* Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ay, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu, the Dolphin of France! Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they

Digitized by Google

could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause, they have been worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets." *

Now, who was the playwright who, about 1590, (and rather before that date,) wrote this passage and others of the same character in *The First Part of the Contention*, and so first brought the great comedy of human life upon the English stage? We can soon decide this question; for we have help from two men of the time. Robert Greene was not only, according to Francis Meres, among "the best for comedy," but according to Chettle, as we have already seen, (p. 411,) "the *only comedian* of a vulgar writer" in England.† There can be no reasonable doubt that Chettle expressed the general opinion of his contemporaries; and he himself seems to have been no incompetent critic according to the received canons of his day. Let us see then the best that could be done by the comic playwright most in favor in Shakespeare's early years of authorship. It is somewhat difficult to select a passage for quotation from Greene's comic Scenes. The funniest speeches of his comic characters are generally unquotable; and not because they touch upon those relations of the sexes which according to present notions of propriety are forbidden subjects, but because, like much other comedy of the period, they abound in what Dr. Johnson, speaking of Swift's verses, called "ideas physically impure." And

* The other comic Scenes of which *Cade* is the hero are the 2d, 3d, and 8th of this Act. The reader will find them marked almost all through with the inverted commas which indicate a rewriting of the old text; but the variation between the elder and the later versions is never greater than in the passage above quoted, and generally not so great.

† Greene's comedy is "vulgar" enough in one of the modern acceptations of the word; but Chettle means, a writer in the vulgar or English tongue. Plays were written and performed in Latin in Greene's time.

Digitized by Google

if the Dean had been as dull as he was dirty, he might have written comedy much in the style of Greene. In the following passage, however, Greene is cleaner and cleverer than it was his wont to be.

"*First Ruffian.* Come on smith, thou shalt be one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in town is.

Adam. Come on, in faith, my colts: I have left my master striking of a heat, and stole away because I would keep you company.

Clown. Why, what, shall we have this paltry smith with us?

Adam. Paltry smith! why you incarnative knave, what are you that you speak petty treason against the smith's trade?

Clown. Why, slave, I am a gentleman of Nineveh.

Adam. A gentleman! good sir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors; your father bare office in our town; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squires' livings on him, the one was on working days, and then he kept the town stage,* and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped dogs out of the church. Alas! sir, your father — why sir, methinks I see the gentleman still; a proper youth he was, faith, aged some four and ten, his beard rat's colour, half black, half white, his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was a nose *autem glorifican*, so set with rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed up in Copper-smiths-hall for a monument. Well, sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

Second Ruff. Well said, smith; that crost him over the thumbs.

Clown. Villain, were it not that we go to be merry, my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious terms.

Adam. O Peter, Peter, put up thy sword, I prithee heartily into thy scabbard hold in your rapier, for though I have not a long reacher, I have a short hitter. Nay then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins to rise against him; for mark the words, a paltry smith! O horrible sentence! thou hast in these words, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, sore horses, coursers, curtals, jades, cuts, hacknies, and mares: whereupon, my friend, in their defence, I give thee

* Query, 'the town *cage*,' or minor prison?

Digitized by Google

this curse, thou shalt not be worth a horse of thine own this seven year."

A Looking Glass for London and England. Greene's Works, Vol. I. p. 65. Ed Dyce.

This being the best that "the only comedian" of England could do before Shakespeare came upon the stage, and with characters not unlike *Cade* and his followers, and on an occasion not unlike that in which the latter first appear, the reader can easily guess what must have been the 'style of article' turned off by inferior workmen; and he will not hesitate long in deciding to whom it is that the world owes the political economist who proclaimed that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops, and that it should be felony to drink small beer.

IV.

Thus far this inquiry into the internal evidence upon our subject has been directed to those parts of the elder version of the two plays which are found word for word, or very slightly modified, in the later version; the object being to ascertain why they were retained by Shakespeare. In taking this course it was inevitable that we should pass over ground which had been previously explored, though with a different purpose, and in a somewhat different manner.* We must now turn our attention to an equally important, though hitherto neglected branch of the subject, — those passages of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* which are not found in the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, — to discover, if possible, why Shakespeare rejected them from the latter plays. We have found — and the 'we' here and elsewhere in this Essay is not the editorial plural, but includes reader as well as writer — we have found then, I trust, that Shakespeare retained the first-named passages because they were his own. We concluded that they were his, because we found that they were not only superior to the work produced by the most eminent playwrights contemporary with his early days of authorship, but entirely unlike it; — because neither of those contemporaries having written any thing like those passages in his acknowledged works,

* Mr. Knight's able Essay on the Three Parts of *Henry the Sixth* is especially referred to.

Digitized by Google

it is fair to infer that he did not waste such excellence on dramas which (because he had either small interest in them, or none) he did not claim as his own, — and because the conclusion is unavoidable, that if neither Marlowe, Greene, nor Peele wrote these passages, Shakespeare did. For the only alternative — the supposition that there was another playwright of the time, an obscure man unvoiced by rumor and forgotten by tradition, who wrote such dramatic poetry and such comic scenes as we find in the passages that we have examined, — dramatic poetry and comic scenes which are so much in the style of Shakespeare — is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. If, then, turning from the passages of the elder versions that were retained by Shakespeare to those that were rejected by him, we find that the latter are not only inferior to *his* earliest work, but unlike it, and that they have traits in common with the work of the contemporaries of his first years of authorship, and especially with the work of the man who accused him of "purloining his plumes," may we not safely conclude that Shakespeare rejected these passages not merely because of their inferiority, but because they were not his own.

Passages of many lines in the earlier version of the two plays which were entirely rejected from the later, do not abound. For nearly all of that part of the earlier version which was not adopted bodily was rewritten; it having been generally much amplified, though sometimes condensed. As it is in *The True Tragedy*, which corresponds to the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, that we find much the greater number of passages that are common to both versions, so it is in *The First Part of the Contention*, which corresponds to the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, that we find most of the few passages that were altogether rejected from the later version. Even from those there can be but sparing quotation for these pages. The following speeches in *The First Part of the Contention* were wholly rejected from the later version in the first part of Scene 4 of Act I. of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* (p. 289): —

> "*Elnor.* Here sir John, take this scrole of paper here
> Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
> And I will stand upon this Tower here,
> And here the spirit what it saies to you,
> And to my questions write the answeres downe.

Digitized by Google

Sir John. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiends *for to* obey your wils,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.
Witch. Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the Earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face
Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
And coniure them *for to* obey my will.
Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes
Send vp I charge you from Sofetus lake
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

* * * * *

Bullen. Then downe, I say, vnto the damned poule
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes
The rode of Dytas by the Riuer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames.
Rise Iordaine rise and staie thy charming Spels.
Sounes we are betraide."

First Part of the Contention, &c., pp. 17, 18.
Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

The following speech in the earlier version was rejected from the last part of Act II. Sc. 2 of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, (p. 302,) where only a modification of its last two lines appears: —

"*War.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
And then to gard it will I rouse the Beare,
Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues
To aide and helpe the *for to* win thy right,
Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
For why my mind presageth I shall live
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King."

Id. Ibid. pp. 26, 27.

Digitized by Google

This speech in the old version was rejected from the new after "God save the King! God save the King!" Act IV. Sc. 9 (p. 363): —

"*King.* Come let vs hast to London now with speed,
That solemne prosessions may be sung,
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie."

Id. Ibid. p. 62.

It is not assuming too much, to say that the intelligent reader, who will compare these passages with the extract given on p. 417 from Greene's *Looking Glass for London*, can hardly fail to detect in the former the same poverty of thought, the same united meanness and exaggera ion of style, and the same feeble monotony of verse which characterize the latter. But that the means of comparison may be directly present, I quote the following lines from Greene s *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*: —

"*Beli.* Thus far, my lords, we trained have our camp
For to encounter haughty Arragon,
Who with a mighty power of straggling mates
Hath traitorously assailed this our land,
And burning towns, and sacking cities fair,
Doth play the devil wheresome'er he comes.
Now, as we are enformed by our scouts,
He marcheth on unto our chiefest seat,
Naples, I mean; that city of renown,
For to begirt it with his bands about,
And so at length, the which high Jove forbid,
To sack the same as erst he other did;
If which should hap Belinus were undone,
His country spoil'd, and all his subjects slain;
Wherefore your sovereign thinketh it most meet,
For to prevent the fury of the foe.
And Naples succour that distressed town,
By entering in, ere Arragon doth come,
With all our men, which will sufficient be
For to withstand their cruel battery."

Greene's Works, pp. 13, 14. Ed. Dyce.

But in addition to their likeness in thought, diction, and rhythm, these rejected passages from *The First Part of the Contention*, and those from Greene's Works, have one little ear-mark

Digitized by Google

in common which goes far to show that they all belong to the same family. In deciding the identity of authorship, as in proving the personal identity of men, it is upon minute traits that we are obliged finally to rely. Height, figure, complexion, eyes, and hair, — the very voice, may be sufficiently alike in several men to deceive all but the most acute and practised observers, and to make it impossible for even them to establish a proof, except to one another. But little blemishes or beauties, whether congenital or accidental, inveterate habits, and trifling tricks of speech, — these, when stronger traits have failed, by their presence establish, or by their absence disprove, identity, as far as that is possible. It was *Prince Hal's* trick of the eye and foolish hanging of the nether lip that betrayed his paternity. And so it is in literature. Mr. Dickens might write a tale — a short one — without either humor or pathos, and in which an exaggerated character or description could not be found; — Mr. Thackeray might compose a few pages — a very few — infelicitous in style, and with a tendency to beget a trust in human nature or one hope for it; but neither could lay aside certain of those habitual turns of expression, which are to a writer as *Daniel Doyce's* unconscious use of his thumb was to him, or even as the movement of the involuntary muscles is to all men.

The reader must have observed that in the passages from Greene's *Looking Glass for London*, &c., quoted on p. 417, and *Alphonsus*, quoted just above, the phrase 'for to' occurs in this manner — "for to encounter," "for to begirt," "for to prevent," "for to deck," and so forth. He has probably, however, not noticed the important fact that *Shakespeare and Marlowe never use this uncouth old idiom*, which, though found in some of the literature of their day, seems even then to have been thought inelegant; and it is remarkable that in passages which are found in *both* the earlier and later versions of the plays under consideration, *this idiom does not once occur in either* version. Peele, although he was much the senior of the other three, avails himself of it but half a dozen times throughout all his works; but Greene seems to have had a fondness for it; or rather to have been driven, by the poverty of his poetical resources, to eke out his verses with this phrase, which is not found in any of the humorous prose passages of his dramas. It occurs four times in the short extract given from *Alphonsus*, —

Digitized by Google

three times in eleven lines.* Now, in the first passage just above quoted from *The First Part of the Contention*, (p. 428,) this phrase occurs twice within seven lines; and in the second (p. 429) it again appears. Turning to *The True Tragedy*, we find it in the following rejected speech (one of the very few entirely rejected passages in that play) in the Scene which corresponds to Scene 4 of Act II. of the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, where it is replaced by the four lines beginning, "Now Clifford, I have singled thee alone:" —

* It may be well to give here some additional examples of Greene's use of this idiom: —

"A question over haughty for thy meed,
Fit for the King himself *for to* propound."
Orlando Furioso. Greene's Works, Ed. Dyce, Vol. I. p. 39.

"His wooing is not *for to* wed the girls."
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay. *Ibid.* p. 167.

"I come not monarchs *for to* hold dispute."
Idem. *Ibid.* p. 185.

"*For to* eschew the danger imminent."
"*For to* commit so vile a massacre."
Alphonsus. *Ibid.* Vol. II. p. 40.

"*For to* withstand the fury of my blows."
Idem. *Ibid.* p 56.

"False traitrous Scot, I come *for to* revenge
My daughter's death."
James the Fourth. *Ibid.* p. 152.

"And here upon my sword I make protest
For to relieve the poor, or die myself."
George-a-Greene. *Ibid.* p. 163.

Examples might be multiplied; for I find more than sixty instances indicated in the margins of my copy of Greene's Works, the phrase occurring frequently twice, once thrice, and once four times on one page; and how many more might be found it is needless to know. Not a single instance of its use is to be found in any of Marlowe's works, except the *Massacre of Paris*, in which it appears two or three times. But the text of that play has notoriously come down to us not only so mutilated, but so garbled and patched up by another and inferior hand, that it should be entirely excluded from present consideration, especially as the idiom in question is found only in passages which have manifestly suffered most corruption. (See, for instance, Vol. II. p 322, Ed. Dyce, where the greater number of cases occur.) Besides, I am quite sure that Greene assisted Marlowe in the composition of this play, which was evidently what the French call a *pièce de circonstance*, and was produced in great haste. (See p. 348, as above, for a speech manifestly not by Marlowe, and as manifestly, I think, by Greene.)

Digitized by Google

"*Rich.* Now Clifford, for young York and Rutland's death,
'This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy blood,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made."

The True Tragedy. Shak. Soc.'s Reprint, p. 146.

Now, it is remarkable that in this very short Scene, which consists of but three speeches and contains but fourteen lines, Shakespeare retained from the old version one speech of eight lines in its entirety, while he utterly rejected the immediately preceding one (that just quoted) of four. The eight lines that he retained are these — being *Clifford's* response to *Richard's* threat: —

"*Clif.* Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stab'd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And here's the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thy selfe
And so haue at thee."* *Id. Ibid.*

Could two contiguous speeches be more unlike in all traits of thought and diction! What worthy reader of Shakespeare could have doubted that he wrote the eight lines that he retained, and some other playwright the rejected four with the Pistolio-Nym-ic bombast, "Shall lop thy limbs and slice thy cursed heart," even if we had not found in them "*for to* revenge," — Robert Greene, his mark? — and even if we did not find the following speech in the Induction to Greene's *James the Fourth* — "Thus, then, thou wear't best begone first: for ay'l so *lop thy limbs*, that thou's go with half a knave's carcass to the deil," (*Greene's Works*, Vol. II. p. 74. Ed. Dyce,) and the following in his *Orlando Furioso*: —

"Seek not, unless as Alexander did,
To cut the plough-swains traces with thy sword
Or *slice* the tender fillets of my life."

Ibid. Vol. I. p. 21.

And finally, in a Scene of *The True Tragedy* which bears the most unmistakable indications that it was not written by the author of the numerous passages common to that play and to

* See the Second Part of *King Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 4, Vol. VIII. p 44.

Digitized by Google

the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, and which, though unimportant, was entirely rewritten for the later version (where it is Scene 7 of Act IV.,) we find the following speech in the mouth of the *Mayor of York*: —

> "My lords we had notice of your comming,
> And thats the cause we stand upon our garde,
> And shut the gates *for to* preserve the towne.
> Henry now is King, and we are sworne to him."
>
> *Ibid.* p. 171.

In the rewritten version this speech appears thus: —

> "My lords we were forewarned of your coming
> And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
> For now we owe allegiance unto Henry." —

the objectionable words having been carefully eliminated. Now, if this idiom is not to be found in the authentic copies of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's undoubted works, which a careful examination has convinced me is the case, its appearance in several passages of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, no less than the style of those passages, forbids us to believe, with Mr. Knight, that Shakespeare was the sole author of those plays, or, with Mr. Dyce, that they are wholly by Marlowe.*

Further evidence of a confirmatory nature that Greene had a hand in those passages of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, which Shakespeare rejected from the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, is furnished by the following speech in the first of the two elder plays: —

> "This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais
> Threatens more plagues than mightie Abradas
> The great Masadonian Pyrate."
>
> Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 49.

In the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act IV. Sc. 1, this

* Others, without number, of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's contemporaries, and even of their successors, did use this idiom; but it must be constantly remembered that we are not seeking hap-hazard among Elizabethan writers for the author of this play, but deciding upon the pretensions of three or four claimants. — It is worthy of note that in the surreptitious and garbled edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, published in 1597, the phrase in question occurs several times, but that in the edition printed from the genuine text, which was published only two years after, it is not to be found.

Digitized by Google

speech is replaced by one of eleven lines, of which, however, the following three are a part: —

"Small things make base men proud, this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate." *

Shakespeare, while he preserved the old comparison, rejected the name 'Abradas,' although that suits the measure as well as 'Bargulus;' and it is remarkable that the only other mention yet discovered of the deposed pirate is in *Penelope's Web*, a pamphlet by Greene, which, although not known to have been published earlier than 1601, was certainly written at least ten years before; for Greene died in 1592.† Nothing is known of Abradas; and it is more than probable that Shakespeare rejected his name because it would have less significance to his audience than that which he substituted for it. ‡

V.

Men have been hung, and, if ever justly, justly hung, upon evidence less conclusive than that brought forward in the foregoing pages that Shakespeare, when he transferred passages bodily from *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, took only what was his own; — and that at least a considerable part of what he rejected or rewrote was the work of Greene. But Greene himself left evidence that another pen than his own and Marlowe's and Peele's had contributed to *The True Tragedy*, (and if to that, to *The First Part of the Contention*,) and that that pen was Shakespeare's. When the disappointed playwright, pouring from his death-bed the gall of his cherished bitterness, the last dregs of his undying hate, upon his successful rival, sneered at him as "an upstart crow," "a Johannes Factotum,"

* See the Note on this passage, p. 393 of this volume.

† "Abradas the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles on the sea." *Apud* Steevens: Variorum of 1821, Vol XVIII. p. 289.

‡ Mr. Halliwell thinks that the change was "perhaps made for the sake of the metre." But,

"Than Abradas the Macedonian pirate"

is quite as good a verse as that found in *Henry VI.*

Digitized by Google

and satirized him as having "a tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide," he indicated not only one of the works in which he meant to accuse Shakespeare of obtaining success by appropriating his ideas, but one passage of one of those works that was original with the offending upstart. For Greene, in looking for a line to be parodied into a vehicle of his malice, would choose not one of his own, but one written by the man whom he wished to wound. Otherwise the satire would lose the keenness proper to its edge, the sneer be without the venom ready for its sting. And consistently with this view, and with the supposition that Shakespeare wrote those parts of the older versions of these plays which are retained in the later, we find that this line is part of a long speech by the *Duke of York* which Shakespeare transferred bodily, with the entire Scene in which it occurs, from *The True Tragedy* to Act I. Scene 4 of the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*.*

VI.

Thus far as to the relations of Greene and Shakespeare to the elder versions of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. Marlowe quite surely, and Peele probably, had some hand in their production; though I think that the former contributed little and the latter less to *The True Tragedy*, the greater part of which seems to have been the work of Shakespeare. It is very difficult, and perhaps impossible, to distinguish the passages that Marlowe and Peele may have written in the elder versions; for in respect to their contributions we are without the aids of external, and, in a great measure, of internal evidence which exist as to the parts written by Greene and Shakespeare.

Although Marlowe's genius has, in my opinion, been somewhat overrated by the critics who have formed the generally received opinion upon the subject, still the author of *Faustus* and *Edward the Second* was undoubtedly the most gifted dra-

* See Vol. VIII. p. 27. Small knowledge of human nature in general, and of man-of-letter nature in particular, would seem sufficient to lead the way to this conclusion. Yet it appears to have been hitherto taken for granted that, in the words of Mr. Collier, "Greene, when charging Shakespeare with having appropriated his plays, parodies a line of *his own*, as if to show the particular production to which he alluded." Ed. of Shakespeare's Works, Vol. V. p. 226.

Digitized by Google

matic writer of his time, except Shakespeare. His imagination sometimes shaped out living forms, though monstrous; and from the murky clouds of his bombast there shoot fitful gleams of real poetic fancy. Therefore it is not at all surprising that Malone, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Dyce, and others have attributed *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* to him. Mr. Hallam's judgment is based on the opinion that "the greater part of the plays in question is . . . far above the powers of either Greene or Peele, and exhibits a much greater share of the spirited versification called by Jonson the mighty line of Christopher Marlowe." * Mr. Dyce, too, because Greene and Peele were manifestly unequal to the production of the best Scenes in the old plays, thinks that "we might therefore confidently ascribe to Marlowe a large portion of both, even if both did not in some passages closely resemble his *Edward the Second*;" and he adds, "Indeed I have a strong suspicion that the *First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are wholly by Marlowe." † Malone merely remarks that he "is inclined to believe that Marlowe was the author of one, if not of both;" ‡ which is but an unsupported opinion, to be received at each reader's valuation of Malone's judgment. Mr. Hallam's decision, as we have seen, is of the same nature; and thus both he and Malone, as well as Mr. Dyce, give the finest passages in the two old plays to Marlowe, chiefly because, as they well determine, those passages were very far beyond the powers of Greene and Peele. But they do not seem to have considered the question, whether the Scenes in evidence were not much beyond the powers of Marlowe. The two later critics were manifestly influenced, if not entirely swayed, by a foregone conclusion, adopted from Malone, that Shakespeare had no share in the two old plays; and therefore they almost inevitably decided that Marlowe must have written the best if not the greatest part of them. For myself, venturing to oppose opinion to opinion, I cannot admit that the passages of the two older versions which are retained line for line, and almost word for word, in the later, are much more nearly approached by passages in any play of Marlowe's (except one or two Scenes of his *Edward the Second*) than by passages in one or two of Greene's

* *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, Vol. II. p. 171, Ed. 1858.
† *Some account of the Life of Shakespeare.* Dyce's Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. xlii.
‡ *Variorum* of 1821, Vol. II. p. 313.

Digitized by Google

and Peele's; while in dramatic diction and manner of portraying character, the dissimilarity of the works of the two latter playwrights to the passages retained by Shakespeare from the two old plays, is surely not greater than the dissimilarity of any one of Marlowe's, *Edward the Second* again excepted. And I venture to declare that no reader of Shakespeare who has sufficient knowledge of the subject to take a real interest in this question, and who can free himself from the influence of previously expressed opinion, can compare the passages which are common to *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* and the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* with Marlowe's *Faustus* or *Jew of Malta*, and arrive at a different conclusion.

Mr. Dyce, however, does not rest his decision upon mere opinion; but partly upon the "close resemblance of five passages in Marlowe's *Edward the Second* to six in the *First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*." He quotes them together, thus: —*

"I *tell* thee Poull, *when* thou didst *runne at tilt*
And stolst away our ladies' hearts *in France*," &c.
First Part of the Cont., p. 13, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

"*Tell* Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I *ran at tilt in France*," &c.
Edward the Sec., Vol. II. 282.

"Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland;
The wild Onele, my lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of *Irish Kernes*, that *vncontrold*,
Doth plant themselues *within the English pale*."
First Part of the Cont., p. 37, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

"*The wild Oneil with* swarms of *Irish Kerns*
Lives *uncontroll'd within the English pale*."
Edward the Sec., Vol. II. 208.

"Stern Fawconbridge *commands the narrow seas*."
The True Tragedie, p. 124, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

"The haughty Dane, *commands the narrow seas*."
Edward the Sec., Vol. II. 208.

* *Some Account of Marlowe and his Works.* Dyce's Marlowe, Vol. I. p. lxii

Digitized by Google

"A lofty *cedar-tree*, fair flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch."
Edward the Sec., Vol. II. 201.

"What, will the *aspiring bloud of Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted.
The True Tragedie, p. 185, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint.

"Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster?*"
Edward the Sec., Vol. II. 169.

"[And,] highly scorning that *the lowly earth*
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air."
Id. Ibid. 257.

This parallelism is not regarded by Mr. Dyce himself as bearing very strongly upon the question in hand; but it has even less weight than he attributes to it. For it rests entirely upon passages taken from a play which, according to all external evidence, was written after *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, and which in some parts exhibits such a very great superiority in style and in general conduct to Marlowe's other plays, that an improvement so marked, so sudden, and of such a kind cannot but be attributed to some external influence. And what so likely to have exerted such an influence as the novel and masterly style of certain passages in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, especially as we know that they rapidly attained high favor! It is, then, quite probable that the parallelism which Mr. Dyce points out between the passages above quoted, proves, if it prove any thing, that Marlowe had been so strongly impressed by some parts of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* that he not only strove to emulate their power and freedom, but unconsciously reproduced some of their language. And it may be particularly remarked of this parallelism, that the important phrase in the first instance, the expression 'run at tilt,' is common to all our old writers who allude to knightly sports: that the words which make the parallelism of the second are entirely excluded from the later version of the play in which it is found; — that the fourth is common to Shakespeare and poets of his time; * — and that the fifth is but seeming; for

* For instance, Shakespeare has "our *aiery* buildeth in the *cedar's top*," *Richard III.*, Act I. Sc. 3, and "which foreshewed our *princely eagle*," *Cymbeline*, Act V. Sc. 5.

Digitized by Google

while in *The True Tragedy* the distinguishing thought is, that "the *blood* of Lancaster" is supposed figuratively to mount, in *Edward the Second* it is *a real lion*, which is most extravagantly, if not absurdly, supposed to mount bodily into the air, as will be seen by the quotation of the passage with the context: —

"But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And, highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air."
P. 257. Ed. Dyce.

It is, then, far more reasonable to suppose that the parallelism of these passages is corroborative proof of the evidence before adduced in this Essay that *Edward the Second* was written after the production of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, than they tend at all to show that the latter plays "are wholly by Marlowe."

But, in deciding a question of disputed authorship, how little we can depend upon such similarity of thought and phraseology as that which has just been noticed, the following instances of like parallelism between passages in the undoubted works of Shakespeare and of Marlowe will clearly show: —

"But stay, *what star shines yonder in the East?*
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail."
The Jew of Malta, Act II. *Ibid.* Vol. I. p. 264.

"But soft, *what light through yonder window breaks?*
It is the East, and Juliet is my sun."
Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. 2.

"Are not thy bills *hung up as monuments?*"
Doctor Faustus. *Ibid.* Vol. II. p. 7.

"Our bruised arms *hung up for monuments*."
King Richard III., Act I. Sc. 1.

"Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd: *despair and die!*"
Doctor Faustus. *Ibid.* p. 72.

"Think on the Tower and me: *despair and die!*"
[Repeated eight times.] *K. Richard III.*, Act V. Sc. 3.

"Tut, I am simple, without mind to hurt,
And have *no gall at all to grieve my foes!*"
Dido, Queen of Carthage, Act III. *Ibid.* p. 400.

Digitized by Google

"for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and *lack gall*
To make oppression bitter." *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

[*Going to execution.*] — "weep not for Mortimer
That scorns the world, and as *a traveller*
Goes to discover countries yet unknown."
Edward II. *Ibid.* p. 288.

"The *undiscover'd country*, from whose bourn
No traveller returns." *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 1.

To these may be added two others, quoted by Mr. Dyce himself, with the remark that Shakespeare "had sometimes in his recollection plays which we know for certain to be by Marlowe."

"He wears a lord's *revenue on his back.*"
Edward II., Vol. II. p. 196. Ed. Dyce.

"She bears a duke's *revenues on her back.*"
Second Part of *K. Henry VI.*, Act I. Sc. 3.

"*These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.*"
The Jew of Malta, Act III. Vol. I. p. 289. Ed. Dyce.

"*These arms of mine* shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart sweet boy *shall be thy sepulchre.*"
Third Part of *K. Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 5.*

But the truth is, that from such similarity of thought and expression no conclusion whatever can be drawn, except, perhaps, as to contemporaneousness of production. Certain phrases, certain tricks of composition or color, certain cadences, are more or less common to the poets, painters, and musicians of the same period. They borrow and lend them back and forth without thought of obligation on either side; he of the richest mint having, of course, most to lend, but being himself, sometimes, the thoughtless borrower. They are the "unconsidered trifles" which any one may snap up; and we know that he who of all men had least need of them — Shakespeare — was not ashamed to take them when, like *Worcester's* rebellion, they lay in his way.

* Both this and the passage from Shakespeare just above are from the very plays the authorship of which we are endeavoring to determine. But they do not appear in any part of the elder versions.

Digitized by Google

We have been able to sustain Greene's claim to the partial authorship of *The True Tragedy*, and, consequently, *The First Part of the Contention*, by various circumstances of external and internal evidence, and especially by the detection in those plays of an idiom (not a parallel thought or similar expression, be it noticed) which he alone of their four possible authors was in the habit of using, and which repeatedly occurs in passages that have all the air of his productions. We look in vain for any such support of Marlowe's claim to be reckoned a contributor to those works. Yet the great probability that he would be called upon to assist Greene in the preparation of a series of historical dramas, the exhortation to him in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, and, chiefly, the character of certain Scenes of the old plays, (which, though rejected or entirely rewritten by Shakespeare, and much inferior in kind as well as degree to other Scenes not rejected or rewritten, yet in strength of passion, power of characterization, and high fantastic flight of fancy, mount far above the plane of Greene's pedestrian muse,) * warrant the conclusion that Greene's friend, the "famous gracer of tragedians," was joined with him in the production of the two old plays in question. But we find in those plays whole Scenes, and Scene after Scene, that, bearing no such idiomatic brand, and being of a quality far beyond the power of either Greene or Marlowe to produce, are transferred bodily to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. Therefore, and upon the other evidence adduced, may we not safely conclude that Greene and Marlowe were concerned in the production of the elder plays, but that they received mighty help from another hand? Those plays were surely written neither by Greene alone, nor by Marlowe alone, nor wholly by Greene and Marlowe together.

Thus far the main purpose of this inquiry has been to ascertain whether *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were written by one playwright or by more than one; and, in the latter case, to discover if Shakespeare were one of the colaborers, and, consequently, if, in transferring certain passages from those plays to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, he may with reason be assumed to have but

* For one of these Scenes, see *The First Part of the Contention*, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint, p. 38.

Digitized by Google

claimed his own. If this inquiry can be satisfactorily answered, the answer, as far as Shakespeare is concerned, is made neither better nor worse by the identity of the person with whom he may have worked, or by the number of his coworkers. The problem would be just as effectually solved whether our unknown quantity were Greene, or Peele, or Marlowe, or Greene *plus* Peele, *plus* Marlowe. It was Greene, however, who accused Shakespeare of strutting in his feathers, (for although he says "our feathers," he is plainly speaking one word for his friends and two for himself;) and it is a matter of not a little, though of secondary interest, to know what ground there was for the accusation.*

VII

We have seen that many passages of the older versions of the two plays which Shakespeare rejected, were incongruous in thought, rhythm, and diction with those that he retained; it remains for us to examine whether the latter are homogeneous with the new matter side by side with which they appear in *King Henry the Sixth*. To compare in these pages all the passages in which new and old matter appear, would be to reprint a large part of the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, and even more of the Third Part than the necessary limits of this Essay would admit. Our end will, in all respects, be best attained by comparing passages taken bodily from the earlier versions into the later with some of those which appear for the first time in the later. For if the matter retained from the earlier versions were by another hand than that which wrote the new matter in the later version, the contrast would be more striking between a new passage and an old one entirely unaltered, than between a new passage and an old one that had been more or less rewritten.

In the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act III. Sc. 2, is the following passage, which is taken without any change of consequence from *The First Part of the Contention*: —

* After much consideration of the subject, I have little or no doubt that Greene alludes to other plays beside the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI.*, — to *The Taming of the Shrew* and perhaps to *Titus Andronicus*, and even *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the old *King John*. See the Introductory Remarks to those plays, and the Memoir of Shakespeare, Vol. I.

Digitized by Google

Suff. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murthering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screechowls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated Hell —
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suff. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Let this be compared with the following passage of the same play, Act V. Sc. 2, for which one in *The First Part of the Contention* is entirely rejected: — *

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

* Here is the rejected speech which Shakespeare very clearly did not write at any period of his life. I believe it to be Marlowe's.

"*Young Clifford.* Father of Comberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?

Digitized by Google

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of Hell,
Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly;
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. — O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! — Wast thou ordain'd, dear father
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone; and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes; tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

O! dismal sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood.
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberland's true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth,
[*He takes him up on his backe.*
And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I. But staie here's one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate."
P. 70, Shak. Soc.'s Reprint

Digitized by Google

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

The latter shows a bolder, freer hand; but it is the same hand that we trace in the former, grown bolder in the confidence of power, and freer by the use of freedom. In the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act III. Sc. 2, the following lines, forming part of a speech by *Gloster*, are almost entirely new: —

"And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my Heaven — to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but Hell,
Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out, —
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.

Digitized by Google

I can add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murth'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down."

In Act V. Scene 6 of the same play, the following speech by the same character is taken bodily from *The True Tragedy;* and not only does there seem to be no room to question that the two are coinage of the same brain, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover in them any evidence that they were not struck at the same time: —

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell; and say, I sent thee thither;
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. —
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cri'd,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word 'love,' which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone, —
Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

Digitized by Google

King Henry, and the Prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best. —
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

The short Scene between *Richard* and *Clifford* in the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act II. Scene 4, which has been previously noticed on p. 433 of this Essay, and in which one speech in the elder version is retained word for word, while that to which it is a reply is utterly rejected and replaced, is especially interesting and important in this branch of the inquiry, on account of the style of thought and diction in both the rejected and the substituted speech. The entire dissimilarity in style of the two speeches in the old version — a dissimilarity which produces an effect almost ludicrous — has been already pointed out in the passage of this Essay just alluded to, where both speeches may be found and compared. The similarity of the speech which Shakespeare wrote for the new version and that which he retained from the old, with the entire congruity and harmony of the whole Scene as he thus left it, cannot but strike every reader who will but turn to it.* We have before found circumstantial proof that the rejected speech was not written by Shakespeare: we know that the substituted speech is his: is farther proof needed of his property in the speech that is common to both versions?

But in the two passages last quoted from the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth* — the one old, the other new — there is to be noticed another unity beside that of rhythm and diction, — a unity of characterization, which extends into *Richard the Third*. The *Gloster* who speaks the new speech is the same *Gloster*, brain, heart, and body, who utters the old one, — the same *Gloster* who reappears in the soliloquy that introduces the last of these internecine dramas, and bustles, without pity for others or trepidation for himself, through the bloody horrors that lead to his own destruction. A like unity of characterization between the elder and the later versions of these plays is remarkable in some other personages; for instance, in *Warwick*, *Margaret* of Anjou,

* Third Part of *King Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

Digitized by Google

and *King Henry*, — though the facile proneness and ascetic pietism of the last is much developed and perfected in the later version. This unity, however, cannot be strongly insisted on as evidence of identity of authorship in the old and new versions. For it is manifest that if it were desired (and it plainly would have been desirable) to preserve a seeming as well as a nominal identity in the prominent personages common to the historical plays presented at the same period on the same stage, the characterization of a later work might easily be made to correspond with that of an earlier. It also materially affects the weight of an argument drawn from this certainly remarkable unity, that the outlines and grand features of the characterization of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are taken from the chroniclers. Yet the characterization in the earlier versions is often so strong and so natural, with a strength which Greene could not even endeavor to put forth, and a naturalness which Marlowe did not seek to attain, that this must be added to the probabilities that accumulate in favor of the conclusion that Shakespeare had a hand both in the shaping and the filling out of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*.

The connection between the three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* and of its Third Part with *King Richard the Third*, — each of the three latter plays opening with a reference to the closing Scenes of its predecessor in the order of chronology, and each containing allusions to incident and reminiscences of language in the other, — is too plain to have escaped the notice of any observant reader of them all. But although this connection is very surely not accidental, much dependence cannot be placed upon it as evidence that the four plays were, even in part, the work of the same author. For, the first play being upon the stage, this connection would, to a certain degree at least, be established, and these allusions made, by any author of tact who wrote a second, or, again, a third play on the incidents of the same reign for the same theatre. Still, as in the case of the unity of characterization, we have here another addition to our weight of probability; for the connection seems too intimate, direct, and natural, to have been established by any hand but one that was concerned at least in the production of all the plays; and the reminiscences and allusions are so casually made as to be without apparent purpose, and yet so unmistakable that

Digitized by Google

they are manifestly the result of an intimate and ever present knowledge of the work to which they refer.*

VIII.

There are other points of evidence upon the question of the authorship of the three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth:* but none the importance of which would justify the prolongation of this Essay; none which can appreciably help or harm the maintenance of the position into which our investigation has led us. In looking back upon the ground over which we have passed, that we may see how and why it is that we stand where we are, we find first, the fact that of nearly six thousand lines in the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, two plays published as Shakespeare's in 1623, more than three thousand four hundred lines are taken bodily from, or based upon passages in, *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, which were published in 1594 and 1595; — that although *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were remarkable works for the time when they were produced, and high in popular favor, neither they nor the plays with which they have so much in common were cited by Meres in 1598 as Shakespeare's, although he mentions at least one other play less worthy of Shakespeare's genius, and lower in the general estimation of his time; — that these plays, although published not less than three times before Shakespeare's death, and at a period when his name upon the title-page of a book added largely to its mercantile value, were not published as his until after his death, and then by a bookseller who in other cases attributed to him works that were not his; — that these plays had been performed by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, a company of actors to which there is no evidence that Shakespeare ever belonged, and for which none of his undisputed plays were written; — that Robert Greene, a playwright whom we know to have worked much for that company, in a pamphlet written in his

* Those who wish to see these subjects — the unity of characterization and the connection between the plays — examined much more in detail than the importance assigned to them in this argument would warrant, will find it very ably done by Mr. Knight in his Essay on the Three Parts of *Henry the Sixth*.

Digitized by Google

last illness, and published soon after his death, directly accused Shakespeare (under the name of Shake-scene) of being tricked out in the feathers of Greene himself, Marlowe, and Peele; that he indirectly designated one of these plays as having furnished the plumes of which they had been despoiled; and that Shakespeare took the accusation to himself, was offended at it, and received an apology from the editor of Greene's pamphlet, who, however, made no retraction of the charge; — and that at least one other contemporary writer took up and sustained Greene's imputation that the men who had "eclipst his fame" (and there was then but one such man) had "purloyned his plumes." We find that many passages in these two old plays, and especially in the first of them, are not only much inferior to, but in many respects unlike, the productions of Shakespeare, even in his earliest years of authorship, while they are notably marked with the characteristic traits in some instances of Greene's style, and in others of Marlowe's; — that these passages contain, beside, an idiom which Shakespeare never uses, but which was habitually employed by Greene, and which was carefully excluded from the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*; — and that the name of an apocryphal pirate which occurs in one of these plays has been found nowhere else in the whole range of literature, except in a pamphlet by Robert Greene.

We find, on the other hand, that these two old plays, as they were not published under the name of Shakespeare, so were they not published under Greene's or Marlowe's, although in 1594 and 1595 those authors were high in public favor; — that the extent of Shakespeare's undisguised appropriations from the old plays brands him, if he had no property in what he took, with a plagiarism without a parallel in literary history, and inconsistent alike with his established character for probity and the spontaneous fertility of his pen. We find that the passages common to the old plays and to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, are so much superior to and unlike the rejected parts of the former, that it is impossible to believe that they were written by the same person; — that it is equally incredible that passages of a kind and degree of excellence unknown on the English stage before they were produced were the work of some unknown nameless man, and that therefore they must have been written by either Marlowe, Greene, Peele, or Shakespeare, the only known dramatists of the time

Digitized by Google

to whose works the dramas in which they occur bear any likeness in point of style; — that they are no less different from than superior to the acknowledged works of the three former, while they bear all the marks of the latter's early hand; — that in the passages common to the old plays and to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, a little idiomatic earmark of Greene, which is found in the rejected passages, does not appear. We find that in the two old plays a new style of comedy was brought upon the English stage; a comedy which, in its application to universal nature, and no less in the subtlety of its humor, was beyond the imagination of Marlowe, whom the gods had not made humorous, and in comparison to which the best efforts of Greene, the great comic dramatist of his day, are unmeaning childish babble. We find that the passages which Shakespeare rejected from or thoroughly rewrote for the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, are, with slight and unimportant exceptions, incongruous with those that he retained; and that those which he retained exhibit in thought, rhythm, and diction a notable likeness to the passages side by side with which they appear in the later plays, and which are of Shakespeare's undoubted production. We find, too, that this incongruity in the old plays and congruity in the new is to be traced not only in long and important Scenes, but even in a short Scene of fourteen lines; where Shakespeare's rejection of four lines by one of the authors of the old version, and substitution of four by himself, affords a satisfying consistency in place of an absurd incongruity. We find between the principal characters in the old versions and those in the new and in *King Richard the Third*, a unity of characterization which could hardly have been produced by a writer who was not concerned in the planning of the older versions; and also a connection between the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, *The First Part of the Contention*, *The True Tragedy*, and *King Richard the Third*, with a frequent reference and allusion from one to the other, which seems to argue a more intimate knowledge of them all than would have been acquired by a person who merely undertook to rewrite and amend them. We find that the line which Greene selected to be the vehicle of his venom against Shakespeare is part of a long passage transferred bodily from one of the old plays to one of the new. And finally, as the rivet of this chain of circumstantial evidence, we find in the folio of

Digitized by Google

1623 the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, a play which is little other than a reprint of *The True Tragedy;* and we have the positive and uncontradicted testimony of Heminge and Condell that the plays in that volume are "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies."

If, from this evidence and this testimony, we cannot confidently conclude that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* contain the work of Greene, of Marlowe, and of Shakespeare, and that such material parts of them as Shakespeare transferred to the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* were his own, it would seem that we must abandon all hope of reasoning upon moral possibility, and believe only what we can see or demonstrate.

IX.

How, then, came *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* to be made up of the work of Greene and Marlowe and Shakespeare? There are but three answers to this question, one of which, I confess, did not occur to me. That is, that those two plays are themselves but modifications or adaptations of two earlier plays, and that they contain "the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals." This is the ingenious supposition of Mr. Halliwell; and at the first blush it appears to meet all the requirements of the case. But on a closer examination it proves entirely inadequate. For, in the first place, it is quite incredible that Shakespeare, undertaking to rewrite and polish the two supposed old plays, at a time when he could write the passages in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* which he retained in the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, would allow those puerile, halting passages which he rejected from the latter plays, to remain in his revised and polished version of the former. Would the man who could write the passages quoted on p. 413, and p. 420, and p. 447, as common to what I have for convenience called the elder and the later versions of these plays, allow the passages quoted on pp. 428, 429 and 433 from the older versions to remain as a part of the same work? Would, for instance, the man who, in rewriting and adding to an old play, inserted *Clifford's* spirited speech in Act II. Sc. 4, of the Third Part of

Digitized by Google

King Henry the Sixth, which is taken bodily from *The True Tragedy*, have allowed the four miserable lines to which it is a reply in the latter play to remain, when with what *Jeanie Deans* calls "three scarts o' his pen" he could have replaced them with a speech as good as that which he did insert? * It is morally impossible that he should have done so. But this is only an example, brief and convenient for reference, of numerous passages, most of them of far greater importance and extent, where it is impossible to believe that the author of certain parts, revising and rewriting an older play, would have allowed the other parts to remain. *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are mosaics of semi-barbarous design, into which rubbish and jewels were worked, side by side; † and it is not reasonable to believe that he who furnished the jewels, and subsequently showed that he knew the worth of what he brought, would have allowed the rubbish to remain when he had the opportunity to remove it.

But in the second place, this supposition that the two old plays, or versions, are two older plays with Shakespeare's additions and emendations, fails entirely to account for the very great and striking difference between the merit of the two in their supposed transition state. For in construction, in characterization, in rhythm, in poetic imagery and dramatic diction, *The True Tragedy* is very much superior to *The Contention*. And it is better, not so much by a general improvement in all those respects, — though that is discernible, — as by a diminution of passages in the poorer style predominant in the antecedent play, and an increase of those in the new and masterly manner which there occasionally appears. It contains much less rubbish and many more jewels. So, as we have seen, when Shakespeare came to write the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, he adopted or altered for the former but one thousand four hundred and seventy-nine of its three thousand and fifty-seven lines (less than one half) from *The First Part of the Contention*, while for the latter he adopted or altered one thousand nine hundred and thirty-one of its two thousand eight hundred

* See these two speeches on p. 433; and see the Scene in the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Vol. VIII. p. 44.

† Of this the reader of the foregoing pages must have been convinced. But should he doubt, or desire confirmation of this opinion, let him read the reprints published by the Shakespeare Society.

Digitized by Google

and seventy-seven lines (more than two thirds) from *The True Tragedy*.* This fact is very much at variance with the supposition that he had rewritten and amplified both of those old plays; for they were manifestly produced about the same time.

And finally, this supposition is entirely inconsistent with the facts, that the speeches of certain characters in both the old plays are written throughout, with slight and unimportant exceptions, in the one new style which is so marked and so superior to the others noticeable in these plays; and that these speeches are transferred, with few alterations of moment, from the old to the new versions. This is most notably true of the part of *Warwick*, which, except a few unimportant changes, is the same in the older and the later versions of both plays; so that as it appears in *King Henry the Sixth*, it is almost entirely made up of the old part and new passages, there being very little of it rewritten.† It will be found not only that the Scenes and the groups of speeches in which *Warwick* appears are much less rewritten than others generally are, but that in certain of these Scenes which were much altered in the other parts, that of *Warwick* remains essentially unchanged, except by additions of entirely new matter. See, for instance, Act III. Sc. 3, of the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, where that part of the Scene which precedes the entrance of *Warwick* is entirely new, and is substituted for two speeches that were very surely not written by Shakespeare, or by the writer of what succeeds them, whoever he was. Those speeches, which here follow, were, I think, written by Greene or Peele: —

"*Lewis.* Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right

* As the lines referred to include many prose passages, their number will, of course, vary somewhat in various editions of the plays in question. The proportion mentioned above, however, will not be materially affected by this difference.

† The reader of this edition of the plays in question will find many lines of these passages with the mark that indicates a rewriting; but the change in all these cases is of the merest verbal kind, and generally very slight; not so great as many authors make in the correction of their proofs. This observation upon the part of *Warwick* was made by me, and noted as important, before I met with Mr. Halliwell's conjecture, to which it appears to me to be opposed.

Digitized by Google

And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat,
And place King Henry in his former rule.
Queen. I humblie thanke your royal maiestie,
And pray the God of Heauen to bless thy state,
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs."
P. 158. Shak. Soc. Ed.

But after *Warwick* enters, although the speeches of other characters are rewritten, so much of the Scene as he speaks, or as his speeches elicit, (and he is the most important person present,) is transferred bodily from *The True Tragedy* to Shakespeare's page in *King Henry the Sixth*, and, I do not hesitate to say, is unmistakably in his style. This indicates, and I think very clearly, that the part of *Warwick* and the dependent passages of the Scenes in which he appears were originally written, for the most part, if not altogether, by Shakespeare himself. For he, or any dramatist, in undertaking to rewrite and embellish an old play, would, of course, bestow his labor impartially throughout the piece upon those parts which he thought most in need of his perfecting hand; and Shakespeare, if he had worked over two old plays into *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, would surely not have left some parts of them in their primitive rudeness, while he brought the speeches of certain characters into such a condition that they required no retouching when he again worked over the two plays into the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. It seems clear, then, that Shakespeare originally wrote the part of *Warwick*, and perhaps those of *Clarence*, *Clifford*, and others; for the only alternative supposition — that those parts, nearly as they appear in *King Henry the Sixth*, were found by him in two plays yet older than *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* — is almost too absurd to bear statement. This argument is similar to one which has been advanced before in this Essay; but it is peculiarly pertinent to the theory that we are now examining. In our view of the subject, too, it is not only interesting but important to find that Shakespeare can be traced as the contributor, in the main, of certain characters and Scenes to *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*; which is in accordance with the division of labor naturally and, I believe, usually made when two or more writers are engaged upon one dramatic work.

Digitized by Google

Another way has occurred to me of accounting for the fact that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are made up of the mingled productions of Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare: — it is the supposition that those plays were written by Shakespeare for the Blackfriars Theatre, and obtained so much money and applause that the Earl of Pembroke's Company sought to procure them for their own use from actors' parts and stenographic reports, (common means to such ends in those days,) and did procure them in a much mutilated form, which Greene and Marlowe were employed hastily to patch up, partly from memory, and partly by their own invention. This supposition would account for the remarkable contiguity in those plays of passages which are manifestly the production of different hands, and some of which are so miserably poor, while others that immediately precede or follow them are so admirable; and at the same time it would be consistent with the fact that many of the inferior passages are more extended than those in the corresponding Scenes of *King Henry the Sixth*, which is fatal to the supposition that the elder versions of these plays are merely surreptitious and imperfect copies of the later. It would also account for a certain confusion in the order of lines, and for certain corruptions which appear in the elder versions, and which are manifestly due, not to the pen or the types, but to the ear. But it is almost needless to remark that had it been so plainly the Pembroke bull that gored the Blackfriars ox, Greene would not have ventured to make his accusation, or his friend R. B. to echo it in *Greene's Funerals;* and that Chettle in his Apology would not have neglected to retract the charge which he had been instrumental in making public. This supposition also fails, like the previous one, to account for the great difference in merit between the two old plays, and for the fact that certain parts in *King Henry the Sixth* are either taken bodily from the old plays or composed of entirely new matter.

X.

How then are we to account for the existence of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, and the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* in the composite state in which we find them? and how are we to reconcile all the

Digitized by Google

external evidence on the one side and the other as to their authorship? Simply by the supposition, which accords entirely with the circumstances and relations of the respective claimants and with the theatrical custom of their day, — that they — Greene, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Peele — wrote *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* together for the Earl of Pembroke's Company,* and that Shakespeare afterward made these plays into the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* for the company with which he became exclusively connected, by rewriting and rejecting the parts contributed by his former colaborers, and retaining his own contributions, with only such addition and amendment as might be expected from any writer upon the revision of a work produced in his earlier years of authorship. This being the case, we see that Shakespeare had the right to take three thousand four hundred and ten lines from those old plays; that Meres did not mention them as his, simply because they were not known as his; and that being medleys of authorship, made merely for theatrical purposes, they were not published as either Greene's, Marlowe's, Peele's, or Shakespeare's. We see how it is that, in the elder versions, passages distinguished by the marks of Greene's or Marlowe's style are found side by side with those which are stamped with Shakespeare's; and how it was that the latter were retained in the rewritten plays, and there are quite homogeneous with the new matter; — how, Shakespeare being but one of three or four, the youngest man and the least experienced playwright, the plot and construction of the old plays would be somewhat after the rude fashion of the stage before it had been subjected to his influence; — and yet how, from the consultation and interchange of thoughts and plans inevitable in such a partnership performance, his suggestions would naturally lead to a certain unity of characterization that would afterward require but slight modification to accord with his subsequent labors, either in working over the same plays without remodelling their plots, or in writing another in which the same personages appear. And, taking the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* into our observation, we see, too, how it is that rudeness of construction is

* That it was the custom of Shakespeare's day to engage two, three, and even four or more writers on one play, is a fact too well established to require support or illustration here.

Digitized by Google

less, and unity of characterization more apparent, as we pass from the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* to *The First Part of the Contention*, and from *The First Part of the Contention* to *The True Tragedy*, and how it happened that *The True Tragedy* furnished so many more unaltered passages than *The First Part of the Contention* to Shakespeare's *King Henry the Sixth*.

For if three or four playwrights of that day undertook to dramatize the events of Henry's reign, and the young Shakespeare were one of them, it was inevitable that the work should gradually fall more and more into his hands. His judgment, his constructive ability, his facility of execution, no less than his poetic genius, made this sure, let his colaborers have been whom they may. And I think we may safely conclude that so it did happen; until Shakespeare, either in accordance with the will of his pleased employers, or because his strength grasped, as strength will grasp, at the labor fitted for it, wrote much more than half of the last play of the series — *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*. And finally, when, in consequence of his rapidly rising reputation as a successful dramatist, the services of *Johannes Factotum* were exclusively secured for the company which performed at the Blackfriars Theatre, and he worked over the three old plays, in the production of which he had been concerned, into his First, Second, and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and by that series and by other plays rose still higher in public favor, Greene thinking, as other authors under such circumstances might have thought, that his part in these plays was the best of them, although it was then no more than Holinshed's part in *Macbeth*, or Fox's in the fifth Act of *King Henry the Eighth*, looked upon his successful rival as an upstart crow beautified with the feathers of other birds, of which those of a green tint were most numerous and most to be admired.

It is also interesting and important to observe that Malone's strongest position with regard to the authorship of these plays is easily and entirely reconcilable with this supposition and with all the facts of the case as we have found them. In Malone's Essay (Variorum of 1821, Vol. XVIII. p. 565,) the remark of the young King, "I do remember how my father said," &c., in the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act IV. Sc. 4, is cited as evidence that the writer did not know Henry's age at his father's death. But in a passage of the Second Part which does not

Digitized by Google

appear in the earlier version, the same character is made to say, consistently with the truth, "But I was made a King at nine months old;" and this is urged as evidence that Shakespeare, who wrote this passage, was not the author of the First Part. Again, however, we find in *The True Tragedy*, (the earlier version of the Third Part,) this line, "When I was crown'd I was but nine months old," which Malone sets up as decisive proof that the First Part was written neither by the author of *The True Tragedy* nor by Shakespeare. In so far as conclusions may be drawn from such discrepancies, these conclusions are warranted. But the fact that a passage which first appears in the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* and an original passage in *The True Tragedy* agree exactly upon this point of Henry's age is in favor of the conclusion that the latter was written by Shakespeare; and we find, in accordance with that conclusion and with the theory of the authorship of the old plays to which we have been led, that the line in *The True Tragedy* occurs in a passage that was transferred bodily to the Third Part of *King Henry the Sixth*. The passage in the First Part was probably written by one of Shakespeare's colaborers, and being unimportant, on the revision was left unchanged.

And if, as a last resort, it be objected that the two old plays were performed by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, the answer is plain and sufficient — that until Shakespeare became a shareholder in the Blackfriars company, it is not at all strange that he should have written for any other company that would employ his pen. Beside, Mr. Collier has remarked that "it is probable that prior to the years 1592 or 1593 the copyright of plays was little understood and less recognized; and that various companies were performing the same dramas at the same time, although they had been bought by one company for its sole use." (*History of the Stage*, Vol. III. p. 86.) We know, from the title page of its earliest known quarto edition, that *Titus Andronicus* had been performed before it was published, not only by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, but by the Lord Chamberlain's, (Shakespeare's company,) the Earl of Sussex's, and the Earl of Derby's.

We have thus every exigency of our case complied with, every objection fully met, and in a manner which entirely accords with Shakespeare's position and with the custom of the London

Digitized by Google

theatres in his day. For, matchless as his genius was, his career must have had a beginning; and when the best playwrights of that day wrote two and three together, the admission of the rising young man from Stratford into a partnership performance with such established favorites of the public as Marlowe, Greene, and Peele was a compliment to his abilities; and they doubtless patronized the tyro who, ere they had done with him, was to show himself their master.

Instead, then, of deciding with Malone, that of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* all those lines which Shakespeare adopted from the elder plays "were written by some author or authors who preceded him," that all those which he altered or expanded "were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors," while only those which originally appear in the folio of 1623 "were entirely his own composition," we reach the conclusion, that to him must be assigned, not only the lines which first appeared in the folio, but all those, or to all intents and purposes all those, that are taken bodily from the earlier versions of the play; while to many of the passages which are alterations or expansions of corresponding passages in the earlier versions, he may have originally contributed something at least by way of suggestion. But Shakespeare may, of course, have received as well as given aid. It is not intended here to limit the bounds of authorship in these plays with rigid exactness: indeed, from the nature of the case, such partition would manifestly be impossible.*

* I will indicate the latter half of *York's* last speech in the Second Part, Act I. Sc. 1, from the line, "Anjou and Maine *both* given unto the French," as a passage of the revised version, the first twelve lines of which, at least, were, in my judgment, written by Greene. I think that he wrote them, not merely because the following are two of them,—

"And when I spy advantage, claim the crown
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit,"

and these again are in his *Orlando Furioso*,—

"And to the crown; for that's the golden mark
Which makes my thoughts dream on a diadem."

Vol. I. p. 14. Ed. Dyce.

(though, as Greene was in the habit of repeating himself, this has some weight,) but because the thoughts are meagre with his thin-decocted meagreness, and each line jogs on with his feeble trot to its five-paced journey's end. In the last twelve lines, "Then York be still," &c., I think a livelier spirit and a freer movement are discernible. It will be observed that the speech begins with the

Digitized by Google

How much, then, of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* may be regarded as Shakespeare's own? Although Malone's arithmetical criticism has been much sneered at, we must number our marked lines as he did his; for when to know how many things there are of one kind and how many of another is a desideratum, the ingenuity of man has yet discovered no surer or speedier way to obtain the information than to count them. We find, then, that, according to our marks, (referred to in the note on p. 413 of this Essay,) Shakespeare retained two thousand two hundred and ninety-nine lines of the old version in the new, that he wrote two thousand five hundred and twenty-four lines especially for the new version, and that one thousand one hundred and eleven lines of the new version are alterations or expansions of passages in the old. That is, more than three fourths of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* may be regarded, with slight allowance for unobliterated traces of his colaborers, as Shakespeare's own in every sense of the word; and to the remainder he probably has as good a claim as to many passages which he found in prose in various authors, and which were transmuted into poetry in their passage through the magical alembic of his brain.

XI.

The foregoing inquiry has been necessarily limited to the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. For as to the First Part, we have it, as we have the Second and Third, with Shakespeare's revision; but we are without such an unrevised version as we have in the case of the other two, for comparison with the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. It is not improbable that Marlowe, Greene, Peele, and Shakespeare were all engaged upon it; for traces of the styles of the two former writers, as well as of Shakespeare's, are discernible in it. That he wrote at least a part of it as it appears in the

same line (one word excepted) which is the first of the last twenty-four, and that the twenty-one lines that follow it are first found in any shape in the folio version. The dramatic purpose of these twenty-two new lines is identical with that of the twelve old lines that follow them: and I believe that Shakespeare wrote the twenty-two as a substitute for the twelve, which last were printed by mistake, thus making the soliloquy begin itself again in the middle.

Digitized by Google

folio of 1623, we have the testimony of Heminge and Condell; and as it was quite surely written between 1585 and 1590, he may have written much of it that, from its resemblance to the bombastic style then in vogue, seems altogether unworthy of him. The first efforts of genius are always imitative; it is difficult to distinguish the earliest pictures of Raffael from those of the master whom in Goldsmith's time it was always safe to praise; the first quartets of Mozart might have been written by Haydn, and Beethoven's first symphony by Mozart. The First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, though primitively rude and puerile in its structure and stage effect, is much less antiquated in its fashioning, and more polished in its diction and versification, than *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, and is very far superior to any other surviving play that was produced before 1590 or 1592. But we must remember that, as we have just observed, it exists in no earlier form than that in which we find it in the folio of 1623, where we doubtless have it with an entire revision of its diction by Shakespeare, though it retains the rude form which he could not have changed without entirely reconstructing it — a task that he would hardly have thought worth his while for a drama of such quality, and one which had entirely fulfilled the purpose for which it was written.

We are therefore left entirely without external help toward even the proximate apportionment of the various passages in this play to their several authors. In the case, too, of contemporaries like Greene and Peele, and perhaps Marlowe, whose minds, having no very broadly distinctive traits, easily assumed each other's forms of action, — as melons and cucumbers growing side by side become neither melons nor cucumbers, — it is difficult, almost impossible, to distinguish what parts each may have written in a not very strongly marked work, to which they all may have contributed. It may be that some closer student of their works and of Shakespeare's than I have had the time to be, some critic of an acuteness to which I cannot pretend, will hereafter discover a test sufficiently delicate and sure to determine this nice question; but I do not feel competent to undertake the task. Nevertheless I will venture to express the opinion that the greater part of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* was originally written by Greene, whose style of thought and versification may be detected throughout the play beneath the

Digitized by Google

thin embellishment with which it was disguised by Shakespeare, and especially in the first and second Scenes of the first Act; — that traces of Marlowe's furious pen may be discerned in the second and third Scenes of Act II.; — and I should be inclined to attribute the couplets of the fifth, sixth, and seventh Scenes of Act IV. to Peele, (for their pathos is quite like his in motive, and it must be remembered that Shakespeare has retouched them,) were it not that Peele could hardly have written so many distichs without falling once into a peculiarity of rhyme which constantly occurs in his works, and which consists in making an accented syllable rhyme with one that is unaccented.* But perhaps Shakespeare amended the passage in this respect as

* As in these instances, which are all from one play, (though far from being all that occur in it,) and the first three of which occur in four, and two others in two, consecutive couplets:—

"*Flo.* Where Phœbe means to make this meeting *royal*,
Have I prepar'd to welcome them *withal*.
Pom. And are they yet dismounted, Flora, say,
That we may wend to meet them on their way?
Flo. That shall not need — they are at hand by *this*,
And the conductor of the train, hight *Rhanis*.*
Juno hath left her chariot long *ago*,
And hath returned her peacocks by her *rainbow*."
Arraignment of Paris, Act I. Sc. 2.

"*Ven.* But wend we on; and Rhanis, lead the *way*,
That kens the painted paths of pleasant *Ida*."
Idem. Act I. Sc. 4 [and *passim*]

"*Ven.* But pray you tell me Juno, was it *so*,
As Pallas told me here the tale of *Echo*?" *Idem.* Act II. Sc. 1.

"*Juno.* If then this prize be but bequeath'd to *beauty*,
The only she that wins this prize am *I*." *Idem. Ibid.*

"*Jun.* And for thy meed, sith I am queen of *riches*,
Shepherd, I will reward thee with great *monarchies*."
Idem. Act II. Sc. 2.

"*Merc.* If, as my office bids, myself first *brings*
To my sweet madam these unwelcome *tidings*."
Idem. Act III. Sc. 6.

"*Ven.* And crave this grace of this immortal *senate*,
That ye allow the man his *advocate*.
Pal. That may not be; the laws of heaven *deny*
A man to plead or answer by *attorney*." *Idem.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

[* My ingenious friend Mr. Q. Nunc will be glad to have his attention directed to this evidence of the antiquity of railways.]

Digitized by Google

well as in others; and indeed, as he quite surely did add to and improve this play, all attempts to parcel out its authorship must be sheer conjecture.

XII.

As to the period at which all this writing and rewriting was done, we cannot expect to determine it with the certainty with which astronomers calculate a past conjunction of planets. But there are five dates, as to only one of which can there be any doubt, that enable us to decide the question with at least a high degree of probability. The first is the date of Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1592; the second, that of Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse*, in which the *Talbot* of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* is mentioned as "embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least," 1592; * the third, that of a remonstrance or petition of the Blackfriars company, in which the name of Shakespeare appears as a shareholder in that theatre, 1589; † the fourth, that of *Greene's Funeralls*, in which are the verses upon those that so "eclipst his fame," 1594; ‡ the fifth, that of an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, London, by which *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*

"*Pal.* I grant ye may agree, but be *content*
To doubt upon regard of your *agreement*." *Idem. Ibid.*

"*Jup.* We here dismiss thee hence, by order of our *senate:*
Go take thee hence, and there abide thy *fate*." *Idem. Ibid.*

"*Jup.* Then, dames, that we more freely may *debate*,
And hear th' indifferent sentence of this *senate*." *Idem. Ibid.*

"*Ven.* Behold I take thy dainty hand to *kiss*
And with my solemn oath confirmed my *promise*."
Idem. Act V. Sc. 1.

* "How would it have joy'd brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tombe he should triumph againe on the stage; and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at seuerall times) who in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding." *Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication to the Devil.* P. 69, Shak. Soc. Reprint.

This is clearly a reference to the pathetic scenes of Talbot's last interview with his son, and his death, in Act IV. Sc. 6 and 7 of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth.*

† The authenticity of this document has been called in question.

‡ Quoted on p. 411 of this Essay.

Digitized by Google

are assigned to Thomas Pavier as the First and Second Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, 1602.*

For as Greene, in the sneer at his successful rival, quoted in August, (if not earlier,) 1592, a line from *The True Tragedy*, and in a manner which shows that that play then was well known to the public, it is clear that it could hardly have been written before the end of the preceding year; and as it was manifestly preceded, in historical order, by the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* in its original form, and *The First Part of the Contention*, the composition of the former play, the first of the series both in the order of writing and in the historical order, cannot with probability be placed later than 1590.† And a limit at least as early, and I think earlier, is fixed for the production of this Part by the passage cited from *Pierce Pennilesse*. For, making all reasonable allowance for hyperbolical phraseology, a play which about the middle of 1592 had drawn the tears of "at least ten thousand spectators" in the small theatres of that day, must have been on the stage quite two years; which places the production of the First Part not later than 1589. But even in 1589 Shakespeare had attained a position altogether inconsistent with his writing plays with Greene and Marlowe for "the Earl of Pembrooke his servants;" for whatever may have been the looseness of the notions and practices then prevalent in regard to dramatic copyright, it is quite incredible that a shareholder in the Blackfriars company desired to contribute to the gains and the reputation of another company by writing for it as the colaborer of its principal maker of plays, or that

* The entries in the Stationers' Register, relative to *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, as given by Malone, are as follows:—

"12 March 1593–4.

"Tho. Millington.] A booke intituled the firste parte of the contention of the twoo famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of *Suffk.* and the tragicall Ende of the prowd Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorks first clayme unto the Crowne."

"19 April 1602.

"Tho. Pavier.] By assignment from Tho. Millington, *salvo jure cujusunque*, the 1st and 2d parts of Henry the VI.: ij. books."

† The order of writing and the historical order are not necessarily the same; for, as Mr. Collier has remarked in a note on a passage in Middleton's *Widow*, (Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. XII. p. 270, Ed. 1827,) it has been ascertained in more than one instance that the first part of a successful play was written after the second had met with applause.

Digitized by Google

he would have been allowed to do so. Shakespeare's work, then, upon *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* must have been performed before 1589. And it is clear that he must have done something before that date which showed that his services were well worth securing, in order to make him a proprietor in the leading theatre of London within four years from the time when he arrived there, a penniless youth, to seek his fortune.*

But in 1594, R. B., the author of *Greene's Funeralls*, writes, in the past tense, of men who had eclipsed Greene's fame by purloining his plumes. Now, there was but one man who at that date had eclipsed Greene's dramatic fame, and that man was William Shakespeare. It appears, then, that as early as 1594 Shakespeare's superiority as a playwright was so far beyond cavil, that even Greene's friends were obliged to admit it publicly, and save his reputation by taking a hint from him, and claiming that he had furnished his rival with the materials out of which he made his success. But as far as the plays under consideration are concerned, Shakespeare's superiority could not have been established by performances in which Greene had such a large share as he had in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy;* by which joint composition neither could Shakespeare have been charged with *purloining* Greene's plumes. When, however, he had worked those plays over, and made them all his own, according to the custom of the time, the case of Greene's encomiast, Mr. R. B., was at least speciously made out; and therefore we must place the date of that *rewriting* of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* before 1594. And finally by the entry in the Stationers' Register we find that these two plays had become part of the series of three, and were known as Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, before 1602.

* I believe, too, that it is to Shakespeare as well as to Marlowe that Greene alludes in the following passage in the 'Address to the Gentlemen Readers' prefixed to his *Perimedes*, published in 1588: "If there be anye in England that set the end of scollarisme in an English blancke verse, I thinke either it is the humor of a nouice that tickles them with self loue, or to much frequenting the hot house (to vse the Germaine proverbe) hath swet out all the greatest part of their wits," &c. (*Apud* Rev. A. Dyce. Greene's Works, Vol. I. p. xlvi.) It seems to me that Shakespeare is the novice referred to, and Marlowe the debauchee. Both preferred blank verse to couplets. This opinion may have been previously expressed without my knowledge.

Digitized by Google

If, therefore, we may conclude, that within two or three years of Shakespeare's arrival in London, that is, about 1587 or 1588, he was engaged to assist Marlowe, Greene, and perhaps Peele, in dramatizing the events of *King Henry the Sixth's* reign for the Earl of Pembroke's servants, or on a venture; — that by the facility with which he wrote, as well as by the novelty and superiority of his style, he gradually got most of the work into his own hands, and at last, in the course of a year or two, achieved such a marked success in *The True Tragedy* (which seems to be chiefly his) as to provoke the envy and malice of one at least of his senior colaborers, and be offered a share or more in the Blackfriars Theatre if he would write for that company exclusively; — and that after he had accepted this offer and had been for a short time a shareholder, he undertook to rewrite the three plays in the composition of which he had taken so remarkable, and, to him, so eventful a part, and work them into a form in which he might not be unwilling to have them regarded as his own; — and that he accomplished this about 1591 with so great applause as to embitter still more the jealousy of the playwrights whom he had deposed, and thus gave occasion, if not reason, for a charge of plagiarism which soon was stilled by the death of both his colaborers, and yet more by the fertility of his own surpassing genius, — we have arrived at a solution of the question which reconciles all the circumstances connected with it in a manner entirely accordant with the theatrical customs of Shakespeare's day and the probable exigencies of his early career. And we have had the pleasure of finding that the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, instead of being plays foisted upon us as his, either by his own want of probity, or the hardly less culpable indifference of his fellows and first editors, are doubly interesting as containing some of the earliest productions of his genius wrought into a contemporary monument of his initial triumph.

END OF VOL. VII.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Princeton University Library
32101 063692428

Digitized by Google